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Burgos: Museo Provincial, artístico cuadro de "Las Lágrimas" (autor anonimo).
— Fot. Hauser y Menet.— Madrid.

THE DIARY OF A MUSKETEER

BY

WM INGLIS MORSE

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By Wm INGLIS MORSE

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Dedicated
to
Those Musketeers
Who listen
to
Lectures
Sometimes remain
at Home
and
Sometimes travel
Abroad.

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PREFACE

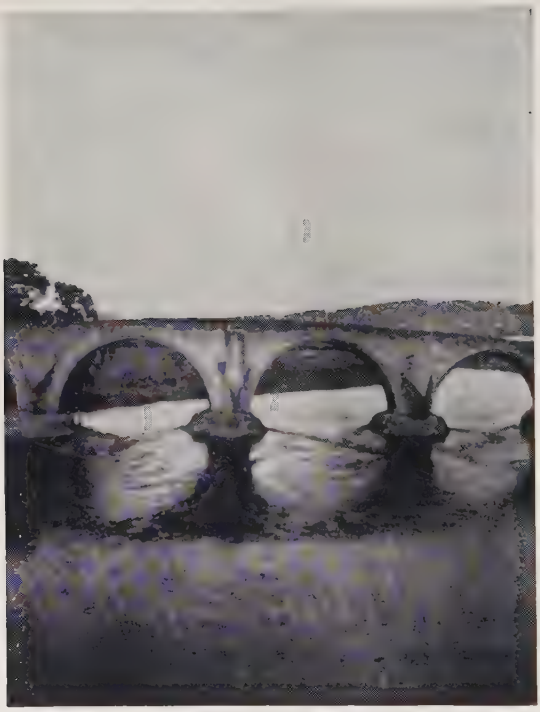
We are all voyagers in this world — going somewhere by land or sea, or *via* that airy realm of mind, which department affords easier transportation through space and time. Part of the success of the journey must be attributed to "John" and "Arthur," who companied with us, and sometimes relieved the strain by observations of a stimulating nature. The larger number of pictures connected with Spain indicate that this department affords a charm not as well known as some of the other more familiar parts of Europe. Whether the journey has to do with cities, churches, scenery, books, or those numerous asses of Spain, the whole scheme provoked a few smiles, if only in recollection of the guide at Toledo, to the effect that not only in that city but elsewhere there are many more asses than soldiers, priests and cathedrals combined.

Syllabus of Lectures
delivered 1924–25
Lynn, Massachusetts

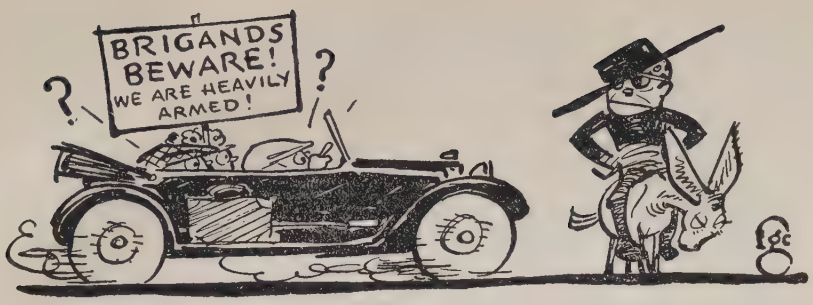
No. 5

1.— Barfreston, England.

2.— Old Sarum, Salisbury.



3.—Bridge, near Oban.
(*Scotland.*)



THE DIARY OF A MUSKETEER
1924

CHAPTER I

England

The process of negotiating the lonely passes of the Alps, the Apennines, the Pyrenees and the Sierras of Spain is not altogether without risks. One not only needs a good motor; he also finds some comfort in the thought of a gun reposing in the pocket of the machine. Such armament is not for nervous people, much less for the Scotchman, who remarked that one revolver is not enough to ward off the attack of three or four *gentlemen* likewise armed, and under such circumstances they could have his money, he having deposited it previously in some reliable bank. The occasion of the journey, and the remarks of the driver, based on experience in the Apennines, at least serve as a partial justification for the general idea.

A printer's error in setting the type, due perhaps to his bad spelling, served to give a sort of twist to the theme, and the musketeer turned out to be only a harmless "muskeeter." This insect, according to one scientist, is only capable of flying a mile from the home-base, and consequently does not do much travelling.

June 28, 1924, S. S. Majestic, New York to Southampton. The craft was built by the Germans at Bremen, but under British supervision, and turned over to said party at the close of the war.

Our steward's name was Wharton. He had the honour of waiting on Cardinal Mercier on a previous voyage, and testified that the famous man was made of the right stuff, but not exactly fitted to negotiate a rough voyage—especially in the winter. At that time Oliver sailed on the Megantic from an antiquated place called Quebec. The Cardinal while sick in his cabin was much troubled with his teeth, which persisted in coming out during the ship's excessive rolls. Oliver rushed up on occasion and put the teeth back in proper place. For this the potentate was profoundly thankful, and expressed his appreciation by giving the steward his picture. Contrary to the Scotch custom it was signed at the same time.

During lunch, second day out, a wave hit the port-side of the ship, and sprinkled the eaters. This happening came to pass on the uphill side of the voyage.

London, July 5th, early afternoon, after much trouble in getting the bags on to the train at Southampton. John met us at the station, and an embrace followed after long separation.

A stay in London of five days; then orders were given to move out of the hotel, and seek shelter elsewhere. Our rooms had only been reserved for that brief period. Part of the party migrated to Cornwall; the other half to Scotland. While in town the visitors were called upon to "wemble" at Wembley, which consumed a few hours and made everyone tired. The Queen's Doll's house kept every person in line, and the only short cut was to dodge through a side door. When Driver Ball was asked to express his opinion on what Royalty did at such a show, he was at a loss to tell, but described their conduct at the Garden Party as follows: "The King and Queen walk about; chat with everybody; then everybody gets bored and fed up a bit."

The lawyers—a large delegation from the United States—present in London with spats and sleevers, engrossed the spare time of the city clerks, and eventually there was a dearth of these articles of wear. One of the party was so excited because he could not obtain a silk hat, that on boarding the train for Dover he left his pocket-book on the dining table—an unusual thing for a lawyer to do.

Aside from certain pleasant little tours around the city

of London, which consumed a lot of time, and while in search of certain treasures much prized by travellers, clothing, pipes, books, knives and other mementos, the musketeer always feels a sigh of relief, when the city boundaries are left behind, and the hedgerows appear, the green fields and scenic spots of old England. The way out led through Aylesbury, region of ducks and milk; Banbury Cross, famous for its buns and other antiquities.

The ride to Stratford brought us into the vicinity of a large number of newspaper reporters, who were on a visit of inspection to this American resort. The poet's life was reviewed—very scant in details—much less than the number of names scrawled on the walls of the dramatist's house. Warwick Castle offered beautiful scenery, a fine park and spacious views. Associations related to Henry VIII and his numerous relatives were revived from the past, and only forgotten when sitting at lunch at the Swan Inn at Mansfield.

Architecture viewed *en route* confirmed one's opinion that lack of foresight was wanting, but who ever built any kind of a building complete and harmonious and the last word in the science of construction?

Leamington overnight. This spot is called the "centre of England." We did not view the oak tree so marked, but understood from local information that such was the case. Motors were fairly plentiful. In crossing the street, one had to look before and after, and the alertness recalled the *Punch* lines—

Will there never come a season
  Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a speed which knows no reason,
  And the too contagious hearse? . . .

When the gladsome news will serve us
  That the petrol-wells are dry,
And the horse again must serve us,
  Safe and sure and stepping high?
That will be a day for fiddling,
  Fun and festival galore,
When the Armstrongs cease from siddling,
  And the Royces roll no more!

A certain progress onward brought us to Derby, home of the Rolls-Royce Concern, and the site of an ancient church once located on the bridge, which spans the river Derwent. One or two arches may still be seen under the remains of the old church, known as St. Mary's-on-the-bridge. The building at present time serves as a combination of dwelling, shop, and some other uses. The location is bad for purposes of photography, that is, the point of view is much restricted, but there the antiquity reposes, an example of that ancient habit of putting churches or chantries on bridges, presumably to give the pilgrims a chance to say their prayers before they passed over. Another famous chantry is located on the bridge at Wakefield. "The Vicar" failed to appear on that quiet Sunday afternoon as we journeyed. Still another chantry we noted at Pisa, near the bridge which crosses the Arno. *Santa Maria della Spina* was erected in 1230 for sailors about to go to sea.

"Bridges and Piety," an interesting theme, appeared in the English edition of "Country Life," February 14, 1925. The writer discoursed on the part played by the Church in the Middle Ages, and the necessity for an efficient system of communication. For the Church this maintenance of bridges aided in the salvation of souls; for the State it proved a matter of expediency. In some cases, those who contributed to the upkeep of bridges were awarded certain indulgences. The linking up of properties was probably aided by such bridges. At the crossings chapels were built, presumably to aid the pilgrims on their travels—and travel in those days was beset with many perils.

The particular bridge mentioned at Derby—St. Mary's Chapel—in an inventory of 1488 refers to a Crimson cope with 60 pennies upon it; other copes given by the gentry, silver shells and hearts of pilgrims. A license was given in some cases for the erection of a *maison dieu, for the entertainment of travellers.* Perhaps the hostel grew out of the chapel or *vice versa*. . . .

For some reason the hermit had much to do with bridges. In one instance, St. Julian murdered a man whom he found sleeping in the same room as his wife, and on examination turned out to be her father. As

penance for this, and obliteration of the horror, this man went to a distant and dangerous place, where he undertook the job of ferrying travellers across the stream, and all to the salvation of his soul. Even so far afield as Spain, these same hermits have been found, and in fact are mentioned by Cervantes.

If bridges have proved of value to piety or its advance, we ought to expect something of this in more modern days, but hardly so, because the motorists are more concerned about getting across the rivers, and onward, than about anything which relates itself to religion. Ask them to make a contribution and they remind you of the high cost of gasoline, and many to economise go so far as to park their automobiles in the back yard. After the winter rains and a few cold nights the motors look as if they had been through some kind of a war—a war with nature and as a result nature predominates in the end.

A motor journey into the northland during a mist is not exhilarating. Rain fell during the entire afternoon and evening. The road into Bowness seemed very gloomy in the waning light, but one ray of comfort dawned when the hotel appeared on our right. A golf-course nearby revealed the fact that the sheep were supposed to crop the links. The fairways were uneven, and the mist and fences and holes made the round anything but easy—although a sporting chance for anyone so inclined.

Next day we left Bowness. The landscape was draped in dew of the heaviest variety, and the mountains of the lake region were hidden in such a mist (there are no real mountains in Britain) that no poet could possibly exult in their glories at that moment. The poet Wordsworth, "the High Priest of Nature," once talked of ....."the *blish* of solitude" and other visions, which flashed upon the inward eye. Not so this misty morn.

Fortunately at a later moment the fog lifted, and on the north side of Keswick we spied what looked like sunlight. In 1900, then journeying on a bicycle, the young musketeer hit a dog while in progress down a hill. The spot was near the present point of our journey. The spot in dog was "abaft the scuppers," and the result

that there was a sort of triple sandwich on that hill-pavement—dog, bicycle and man,—and all on the move due to momentum. Aside from a few scratches, sore ribs, wounded gloves, the worst happening was the removal of the right pedal of the wheel. Henceforth that journey meant the use of the left leg, but youth was then exuberant, and no ills too serious to stop the progress in search of further knowledge.

Arrival at Carlisle brought us to a very pleasant inn (modern style) and a very good lunch. One of the brethren at a nearby table had a perfectly 'orrible cough, and in spite of his bottle kept coughing. He certainly was in for something, poor soul!

Crossing the bridge north of Carlisle, we recalled the visit to the Cathedral, where we saw the nave, which was destroyed by a knave; also the sunken arches, and the exact spot where Walter Scott was married to a girl by the name of Carpenter. Time *circa* 1759, A.M., or P.M.

In a short period we arrived at Gretna Green and the rather cool air of Scotland. Few Scotchmen were in sight. Perhaps it was "tag day." The "toons" seemed deserted, and the "Green" a lonely spot. The thrifty ones were in hiding, fearing a raid, or away on the farms at work. Moffat at noon, and lunch; thence on across the Lowther Hills, where we ran into a fog so dense near the Devil's Beeftub that a Scotchman, however astute, could not possibly find his way home in the night, and the Devil himself could not be seen. Our progress was a creep; our loss the sight of the beautiful hills and landmarks. The distant view always lends enchantment in travel. Sad that the mists intervene, and the deep blue of heaven's sublimity cannot always be seen.

Somewhere on this journey north lingers the memory of a mirror at one particular cross road, which gave us a start, because we saw ourselves as in a picture, "going and coming." Mirrors may be useful on occasion, and helpful in factories (scientists tell us) to make the girls work harder, but they serve a nerve-wracking purpose in showing the other fellow around the corner.

July 12th, "Edingburr." Arrived late in the afternoon, and welcomed at the Caledonian Hotel. Davie Davis on

hand; he spread the cloth and waited on us to our satisfaction. The view of the Castle skyline and the lights appearing at sunset through the film of smoke, which always envelops "Auld Reekie," inspired us to remain at the window and in quiet survey the pleasing vista. We all look out of certain windows. The older we grow the more we do it, unless our sight begins to fail, in which case we are in a sad plight, but if the eye of the mind is alert, still there remains much joy for such people. From the vantage ground we could see many people strolling around the gardens below, the trains tooting and showing a whiff of smoke ere they disappeared beyond the distant hill. Later on the signal for retirement from the gardens was given, and many Scotchmen with their friends started for home and rest.

Morning comes again, and with it the need not only for breakfast but also a little money. A visit to the Bank of Scotland. The clerk figures a long time on the "exchange," and at length hands out an order for forty pounds more than required. The only thing to do is to hand it back with a question, and the clerk is profuse with thanks.

The Three Weeks of Scottish National Drama were in process at this time. "Rob Roy," broad Scotch, and charming songs were much enjoyed. The conductor sat on the small of his back in an old-fashioned easy chair, and for two reasons: first he was trying to save his underclothes; second, he was trying to save his strength. Only on a climax did he seem to rise up for a moment, when overcome by some Scottish emotion, and then he sank back again with that fine attitude, which we all so much need at times as the journey indicates we have not arrived. The show was on "once nightly." All the dignitaries of the "toon" were present. After the ending, adjournment to the street and a walk homeward or ride in a motor—all by a Scottish twilight. Not far from the theatre one son of "Auld Reekie," a bit jagged in the middle o' the street, was trying to dodge the numerous motors. Only one kind of dodge appealed to him at that moment. He resembled a bit o' forked lightnin' trying to arrive without a great deal of fuss at its destination.

Sunday in "Edingburr." A feast in itself. Much preaching this sort of a day. The church bells ring like mad. The Devil shudders as he hears the beautiful twang of the bells, bells, bells. This means that all good Scotchmen are now about to resort to prayer. St. Giles at 10.10 (tin past tin); a seat in the front row in front of the imposing choir of males and females. Worshippers straggled into the church. Down front, under the dome or dead centre, a Scotch lady arrived at a certain point and putting her glasses in place (X-Ray method) proceeded to look through another lady, who seemed to be occupying the chair in question. The intruder got up and vanished to some other lonesome quarter. At ten twenty-five the signal was given, and there was a grand rush from the outlying parts for the seats in the central parts. It seemed like a *battle.* Looked much like a mixing of the *sheep and the goats.* It was in direct contradiction to the theme of the preacher, who spoke on the motto of Talbot House—"All rank abandon ye who enter here."

Memories of St. Cuthbert's linger, the sermon on "The Beauty of God," and the remarks of a couple of listeners—

"Isn't it ripping?"
"Yes, tophole."

While in the Scotch metropolis one of the party was taken with some sort of infirmity relative to the hip—a lameness, which made locomotion a bit awkward. The hotel doctor was called. He arrived in the gloaming. After a few preliminary remarks, he began a diagnosis of the case, consisting of a long list of questions about ancestors, their origin, length of life, infirmities, and other pertinent queries. This Scotchman ended his case by writing a prescription, and the observation—"Rheumatism is very uncomfortable, but you live a long time."

Finger-posts are not always useful in that they leave less for real discovery, but moving north from Edinburgh *via* Linlithgow and Glasgow one wonders what discoveries await him. Weather is very important. The condition of the sky plays a tremendous part. Nearing Loch

Lomond a soft beauty greets the traveller—the waters surrounded by wooded hills. In the direction of Oban the aspect of nature becomes "solemn and grand." The spacious places grow larger, the mountains more awesome in the waning light of afternoon. A group of fishermen in a boat on a small loch between Lomond and Awe impress the beholder. Surely this is the right spot for salmon. A certain exhilaration is apparent. Arrival at Loch Awe adds to the beauty, the mirrored waters reflecting the shadows of the hills, and whispering the perfection of the Psalmist's conception.

Balachulish reminds the passerby that he is in Scotland —land of mutton as well as poets. In another locality Burns was reared, lived and made a name for himself. Most popular poet of the world, his statue is found in more cities than that of any other man. So Wales avers. The world owes Scotland a great debt, not only in the late war, but in the realm of scientific discovery. This statement seems more reasonable, when such names appear as Watt, Clerk-Maxwell, R. W. Thomson, Dunlop, Bell, Penders, Kelvin, Manson, Ross, Hunter, Simpson, MacEwen and Kennedy.

Three Hearty Cheers for Scotland,
Land of Song and Story,
Fishing lochs and farming,
"Where grandeur and beauty meet in every glen,"
Where history and romance abound.

Oban, July 15th. Very wet. St. Swithin's Day. No wonder. Weather occupies the attention of many people, and probably furnishes more matter for conversation than any other subject, excepting matters relating to matrimony. Rain at morn, noon and night. Between times some of the distant hills of Iona seemed barely visible. A number of yachtsmen rambled up and down the streets, rain came down, and one of the potentates of the town said—"When you're down on your knees tonight try and put up a good word."

Someone dropped a paper; someone picked it up. It was restored to the owner. The yachtsman observed—"We're poor, but honest."

One of the most interesting stores in Oban was conducted by a red-headed Scotchman. His father, then deceased, was the owner of a number of rare books on Crosses of Iona. The one we refer to was written by Drummond. Looking over such treasures, the inevitable question results, *viz.*, "How much?"

On consideration of the official representatives of the town of Oban, it was voted that the weather in Scotland is

¼ bad
¼ indifferent
¼ very bad
¼ damned bad.

A couple of wild Irishmen appeared at the inn, near the site of a prominent monument of the "toon." It was not sensed at first that these "gintlemen" were from the Emerald Isle. The supposition was that they were natives of Scotland. The taller of the two began to rap Americans by saying that they took forever to say anything. This individual seemed familiar with conditions west of the Atlantic, and talked a lot about a place near Boston, called "Indian-o-polis." Conversation eventually dispersed some of the mental fogs prevailing, and other fogs increased in density. When the boat-whistle blew the signal for departure for Dublin, those two "wild ones" shot out of the inn at exactly 11.58. Sailing time was noon.

A day or two later we left Oban. Recollections of the Yachtsman linger, and his remark about the weather in Scotland to the effect that "good weather usually begins and ends on Wednesday." On our way south toward Edinburgh a halt was called at Loch Awe for lunch. In parting with the proprietor, he said—"We can usually tell the people from Boston, because they speak the best English."

One side-trip from Edinburgh to Sterling Castle, and on to Gleneagles. This latter spot is remarkable for its fine hotel and new golf links. The surroundings are in the magnificent style, and prices in same ratio. It was rumoured that the Railway offered to haul tourists or business men from London and back for a very low figure. After once landed, the prices could be adjusted to fit the

need. Suffice it to say that Sterling Castle is noted in its way and location, and the statue of Robert Bruce near the entrance revives one of the precious memories of Scottish History.

The journey to London from "Auld Reekie" began on the 20th of July, and continued south across the Cheviot Hills to York, where we tarried overnight. Service at the Cathedral on Sunday morning. An early start in the afternoon brought us at length to Barnby Moor Inn... "The Bell"... a good bed and board. Motors *en route* during the night on the London-Edinburgh Road failed to disturb the sleepers. Morning dawned . . . a little on the order of English weather. One of the pilgrims at the Inn remarked to a friend—

"It's warmer to-day."
"I think it's very close, don't you?"

Breakfast was cheering, especially the bacon. A short walk in the direction of Kennels, and an endeavour to see the animals. The keeper offered admission for the afternoon, but we were compelled to decline, owing to an early start for London. Peterborough for lunch. Coming out of the dining room we happened to be looking for our coats, and seeing a solemn-looking Britisher sipping a glass of port, we said—

"Rather wet to-day."
"It's ghastly."

Cambridge for tea, and another glimpse of the historic town. Ever the same, yet ever changing; thence to London and Queen Anne Chambers in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey. A quiet place, spacious accommodations and only half the price charged at the famous West End hotel. A jolly good view of Hyde Park, and the Scottish Guards as they passed to and fro each day.

July 23d. Journey to Dedham and vicinity in the interest of genealogical research. Records consulted, and frantic endeavours to resuscitate the past, and find out where a certain individual once lived, worked and died. The views at Dedham and surroundings, the associations with Constable, the famous artist, who

portrayed this beautiful country, were most pleasing. Boxted was discovered after many turnings, the village church, where Rev. Thomas Morse once ministered to his people. Thence London. The following day a short journey to Salisbury, Old Sarum and friends. It served as a temporary relief from the smells and dust of London. John filled in the hours *en route* by relating his experiences in the Balkans, his encounters with jackals roaming around the camp and how he used to shove a bit of lead into them to keep them on the move. During that period John "did a proper Cook's tour."

The Metropolis that evening. A lull before the dawn; then a rush to get the baggage loaded and off to France. The process seemed like an age, and the porters anointed with "tanglefoot."

Once on the train one's worries cease a bit. Dover appears in due time; thence to the boat and away. As the shores of this "tight little island" fade and lose themselves in those mists which hover over the Channel, the spectator wonders when next the Royal Realm will appear.

Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
  Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
  Green fields of England, everywhere.

CHAPTER II

France

If one could have visited Paris five hundred years ago, a period which marked the close of the Middle Ages, he would have found conditions far different from the present age. Walled towns stood forth, bristling with picturesque turrets, the streets full of silence and darkness at night, only here and there a solitary light to guide the stray pilgrim to his goal. Frequent processions were the most stirring spectacles, and resulted in much pious agitation. Entries of princes added to the stir. An occasional execution in the market served as a spiritual tonic for the onlookers, some weeping, others rejoicing in a "beautiful death." Stray sermons by itinerant preachers often caused a profound impression, tears, repentance, bringing of worldly treasure to burn it with great pomp, and many other renunciations, all indicating a high degree of *excitability* on the part of the citizens of the Middle Ages.

Pathos was then existent as always in human life; the thirst for revenge for atrocities performed; sins of pride and cupidity; riches in a sense, present and more real than the *impalpable resources of the twentieth century*, when capitalism shows itself to be founded on credit. This era was notable for its pomp and display, accompanied by a sort of pessimism, and belief in an endless succession of evils, Satan seeking victims, the gates of Paradise shut since the Western schism.

The close of this distant age was marked by the introduction of the first printing press in France, which appeared at the Sorbonne in 1469.

To view a distant era through the haze of Romanticism is not as exact in its result as seen through the eye of the intellect. The fact is that we are better able to estimate values long ago from the mental side than from the artistic side, because we have more documents to prove the above thesis.

Soon the shackles of the Middle Ages fell away, and the modern mind began to reach out after the newer sunshine. The music began to deepen, the tones enriched by the influx of something strange and *hardly* brought to birth.

A famous writer on the Middle Ages emphasises one fact and that has to do with bells. He says—"One sound rose ceaselessly above the noises of busy life and lifted all things into a sphere of order and serenity: the sound of bells. The bells were in daily life like good spirits, which, by their familiar voices, now called upon the citizens to mourn and now to rejoice, now warned them of danger, now exhorted them to piety. . . . However continuous the ringing of the bells, people would seem not to have become blunted to the effect of their sound. . . . What intoxication the pealing of the bells of all the churches, and of all the monasteries of Paris, must have produced, sounding from morning till evening, and even during the night, when a peace was concluded or a pope elected."—HUIZINGA.

The evening of July 28th found us lodged securely in Paris—modern city of light—a few relics of ancient walls remaining, many half-darkened streets, yet pervaded by noise and tootings all the night. Early dawn brought the rumblings of country carts and smaller vehicles lumbering their way into the city, loaded with produce, flowers and what not, and these accompanied or followed by women, wheeling small hand carts and gossiping in the first hours of the morning light.

The same officials greet the returning travellers. Reservations once obtained, all goes well, unless they happen to be given up for a short absence from town.

Visits to the bank, the stores and art centres use up much of the time. Golf occupies some of the hours. Half hours spent in some of the churches were not without their reward and blessing.

Dealings with the natives of Paris bring the conviction that they understand how to get things for what they are worth much more readily than the strange American.

The lavishness of America does not go far in the opinion of the genuine Frenchman. He expects to get his money's worth; we are lucky if we get one third.

Some of the girls visited a place in the suburbs of Paris (a famous restaurant with dancing) and reported that when the bill for refreshments was rendered to Monsieur ————, who had a country place at Rouen, that he questioned the correctness of the charge for the champagne, which was eventually reduced, when he began to explain the error in perfect French. Appearances are sometimes deceiving. Things are not always what they seem.

This suggests also the frequent experience on the part of those who try to save money, and claim that they can get the best things at some unfrequented place, some third-story shop on a back street in Paris. They reap their reward. Whether they live longer for their search may be in question. Getting dresses cheaper often seems like straining at gnats and swallowing camels. The argument that those who strain are ultimately better dressed remains an open question, except in the minds of those who climb the stairs.

August 2d brought a pleasant change in the way of a short trip to Rouen to visit some friends outside this ancient and beautiful city. The country place goes by the name of Dieppedalle. A new acquaintance appeared on the train, who introduced himself as connected with an ancient business in the city, and helped wile away an hour or two. Arrival at Rouen revealed the fact of a new station in progress, and the man with the horn, who indicated the approach of the trains *in absentia.* A cab of modest appearance served as a conveyance to our destination in town. The particular spot somewhere near the Hotel de Ville.

On the way we glimpsed again the churches of St. Maclou, St. Ouen, the Cathedral, St. Gervais, and a number of antique shops. A ramble through the former dormitory of the Abbey of St. Ouen consumed some little time, and exit at the front entrance recorded a heavy rainfall. The storm soon passed. Examination of some

sort of antique courtyard nearby afforded much interest, and a chance to take a few pictures. Exit from the town, and lunch at the charming country place on the banks of the Seine. Late afternoon, and we were once more on the move for Paris.

A search in Paris for rare books is worth while. The seeker may find some here, some in London, some in Rome, some in Madrid. They are all valuable in their way. Associations, and the effort to find them, bring satisfactions to the book-lover.

Somehow, our search narrowed down to a particular store, called—

Librairie du Palais-Royal,
9 Rue de Beaujolais, Paris.

Once inside the door, the review begins—books, books, books—some very curious, some worse than the bootlegging material carried in these modern days—but curious, enlightening, exciting, not altogether without merit, if only in the printing. The searcher after facts as they relate themselves to human life, the student of psychotherapy and its evolutions, would have to note these productions, if only in a theoretical way. One copy, in possession, on the way home proved so infective that we deemed it best to consign the same to the great deep. It was purchased at the instigation of one, who happens to be somewhat of an authority on such matters. The fishes had an unhappy time after they consumed the contents.

Among the books, which provoke a smile, and sometimes a quiver of the left eyelid, mention may be made of "The Golden Ass of Apuleius." Apuleius was the most brilliant man of letters in the second century of our era, and a competitor of Boccaccio—a man of his age, dressed in its airy aura, vague in philosophy, indistinct in religion. A magician, he wrought some marvels. The old gods were losing their power; the influence of the new as yet unable to be estimated. The author of this book as mentioned was born A.D. 114 at Madura, Africa. In descent he came from an old Italian family—perhaps related to Apulia. His father left Italy in earlier

4.— Seine, near Dieppedalle
(*France.*)

5.— Arles.—(*France.*)

6.— Romanesque Church, Toulouse.

7.— Lourdes.—(*France.*)

8.— Lourdes.—(*France.*)

9. Carcassonne.

10. Carcassonne.

life and lived in this town in northern Africa. Educated at Carthage, Apuleius, having inherited a goodly sum of money, spent it in finishing his education in the East, Greece and Italy. His favourite study was that of the "Mysteries"—a religious orientation. If the reader ever happens to come across a copy and reads, he will doubtless find entertainment. The argument of the book is based on the idea how the author travelled into Thessaly, where all "the women for the most part bee such wonderful witches, that they can transforme men into the figure of brute beasts. . . ." This is quite in accord with history. . . . To be changed back again to a mortal, one would need to eat more than a rose, or the mere offering of a prayer be necessary to effect the result.

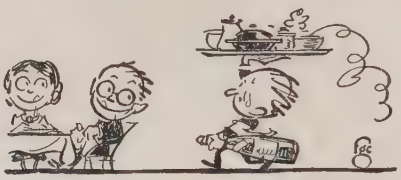
"Lives of Fair and Gallant Ladies" provokes a smile—curious happenings of the sixteenth century, the age of Francis I, the Renaissance, Mary Stuart, and other noted chroniclers of that interesting age. In perusal one may note the saying—

Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol qui s'y fie!

"Aphrodite" recalls the wonderful Greek type, immortalised by Praxiteles, and sometimes associated with the Latin goddess of Spring.

August 3d happened to be Sunday, which resulted in Church in the morning; a visit to St. Germain-en-Laye, a famous Chateau (1108–1137), completed, 1238. Louis XIV was born here. James II of England hibernated here in 1701. The Forest nearby is most interesting. Later on this day we arrived at La Malmaison, Chateau, eighteenth century, and noted as residence of Empress Josephine. A crowd gathered early in the afternoon, and after once in line, the result was a heated endeavour to

get out, and away from a mass of seekers after the history of certain famous people. Once out, and breathing the open air, you thank God for His goodness.



One other search before leaving the fair land of France. That took us out the east gate in the direction of the war-area—over a cobble-stone road as rough as any we have ever seen. At length we arrived at Meaux, situated on the Marne, not far from the scene of stirring events in recent years. A population of over twenty thousand people, possessor of a Cathedral and a mill as well as a cheese-factory, it stands quite well in the world. This town was once the capital of Brie. It was burnt by the Normans, and troubled by others (notably the English) and ended by embracing the tenets of the Reformation Creed. In spite of all this, the Cathedral stands in the town—quite worthy of a visit, if only in memory of one of the famous Bishops and preachers of the world, *viz.*, Bossuet, bishop 1681 to 1704. Bossuet was especially remarkable for his message, which was not delivered by radio. His sermons are still worthy of perusal—in fact much more important than those shot through space on Sunday evenings.

Strange that this great man, divine, orator and writer, should have been born in Dijon, the last town we remember before entrance into Switzerland. He was born 1627. Some of his ancestors were lawyers. Perhaps that helped him to plead. He was a hard worker. Most people, who get on, are hard workers or have done a few extra hours, and not according to union rules. Bossuet refused to descend to the ordinary levels pursued by some of our "so-called divines." He refused to use sensational methods. He united argument with passion. He needed

a large canvass, because he was a great man. He was for Christian Union—the uniting of Protestants and Catholics. A very hard task!

Underneath his statue in the Cathedral the following inscription may be deciphered, if not actually photographed—

Hic in Pace
Jacobus Benignus Bossuet
Episcopus Meldensis
Meaux, Aug. 8, 1924.

A brief journey to Fontainebleau revealed some interesting views, glimpses of the wonderful forest, and thence to Barbison and back to Paris.

August 11th, saw our eventual exit from the French Metropolis to Switzerland *via* Dijon for the night, and thence to the country of mountains, glaciers and those sights, which elevate the soul. The last parting affects one, and recalls the words:

Adieu, plaisant pays de France!

CHAPTER III

Switzerland

The first sound which greeted us on arrival in this beautiful country was that of goat-bells—hundreds of these animals feeding on the sides of the precipitous slopes looking toward Geneva. Five thousand feet elevation made the music still more entrancing.

August 11th marked the date of departure from Paris *via* Fontainebleau, Sens, Dijon and Gex. August 13th Geneva, one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and ranking high as an intellectual centre.

A gentle decline by many turns at last brought us to our destination, and a luxurious hotel on the north side of the lake. For many decades the deep blue of the waters has been the favourite theme of poets and other writers, *e.g.*, Byron, Voltaire, Rousseau, Dumas, etc. Fluctuations in the level of the lake have been noted, perhaps due to some underground-dragon at work.

A thunderstorm in the early hours of the morning of the thirteenth indicated everything moving according to superstition. The hour was early dawn, shortly after four. Some "muskeeters" evidenced their presence during the night. Much rain fell. Three things to spoil a beautiful place. Some Germans were present also—evidently a favourite place for these travellers.

Sight-seeing occupies the attention of new-comers. The book-places offered all kinds of information relative to the region and the Alps. Maps of the higher regions always seemed attractive.

Recourse to one of the higher slopes brought us into the vicinity of the Romanesque Cathedral, St. Pierre, begun *circa* 1034; modified 12th-13th centuries, and in the 18th by means of a curious portico. The interior is dark and sombre, reminding the traveller of a Puritanical Age long gone. The glass failed to stir any exceptional thrills. The Chair of John Calvin on the south side of the pulpit seemed a fitting memorial to that character.

This Reformer was born at Noyon, Picardy, 10th July, 1509. John was the second son. From early life he

Renè Descartes.

seemed destined for an ecclesiastical career. Ability soon manifested itself in this young man, skill and acumen in his philosophical studies, and at one time was curé in a small village near to his birthplace. Destiny decreed that Calvin was not to become a priest. Later he studied law at Orleans. This training may have helped him in a logical way. Rumblings of dyspepsia caused the young student considerable trouble, and probably occasioned an early death. Leanings toward Protestantism began to manifest themselves. After some study in Paris, he adjourned to Switzerland, Geneva, the city where he spent the remaining years of his life. An exhaustive study would take us far afield. The writings of his later years provoked many controversies, one having brought him into conflict with Servetus. On the 27th of May, Calvin died in the arms of his friend, Theodore Beza. Of middle stature, complexion pallid, eyes lustrous, all bespoke a genius—master of rhetoric, giant of intellectual toil, and one who exhibited the desire to be truthful and steadfast. His system of theology has had a vast influence on succeeding ages—the effects most clearly seen in Scotland, New England, and other countries of the world.

Passing down a side street, back of the Cathedral in search of curiosities, and relics of other days, we found in one store an old etching of René Descartes (1596-1650) another Frenchman by birth, born in Touraine and died in Stockholm. In early years he began to manifest distrust in some of his inherited teachings, and soon began to question the authority of his teachers and tradition. Like one of the famous humourists of America, he did much of his reflecting in bed—perhaps due to feeble health. This philosopher travelled some *via* Switzerland and Italy. Later he sojourned in Holland. The starting-point of his philosophy was the thesis—

Cogito ergo sum.

His other theories relative to Vortices, Optical phenomena, Automatism and relation between mind and body occupied his later years. For further research in this man's work the reader is referred to his writings.

From an historical point of view, Geneva is one of the most interesting cities in Europe. It is mentioned in Cæsar's *Commentaries*. Christianity was established in this place in the 5th century. The doctrine of the Reformation, which was first preached by Farel, found a zealous champion in John Calvin. So Geneva became a stronghold of the Reformed Faith and a refuge for many from all nations.

Aside from beautiful natural surrounding, we were much interested in the firm of *Patek, Philippe & Co.*, manufacturers of one of the finest watches in the world. The interesting thing about the factory is that most of the work is done by hand, and that only a small number of employees work in this factory.

One of the most inspiring things about Geneva is the view of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. Another matter of interest is that an American girl, born in this place, was named *Genevieve*.

August 14th was quite worth while because it marked a day's journey to Chamonix. This meant a return to France, and the use of extra automobile papers—a *triptique* —or something of that sort—duplicate tickets, which are torn off at each customs' place, and if you haven't enough you can't get past. This day we ventured one paper, and thence onward to that charming region of the Alps. A long passage of rough roads (we were so informed by the watchman of Geneva) and at length, after climbing a number of very steep gradients, arrived under the shadow of this wonderful mount. The children of Israel were much impressed when they stood under Mount Sinai, and heard thunderings; those standing here, looking up thousands of feet, watching the mists floating across the top like a sort of airy nothingness, illumined by the sunlight, were equally impressed. A number of pictures; thence on to lunch, and past a group of glaciers. It looked as if a number of the village icemen were breaking fragments off the glaciers, and thus supplying the village with ice—but not free. The price was lower than that in America. Return this day from Chamonix was

12.— Waterfall in Switzerland. (*Aigle.*)

13.— Near the Top of Simplon Pass.
(*Switzerland.*)

11 — The Stockalper Palace, Brigue. (1642.)
(*Switzerland.*)

via Evian; dinner, and back to Geneva through the darkness. The natives certainly retire early as we noted *en route*. Darkness all the way.

Early morning is the best time to view the distant Alps. The clouds vanish during the watches of the night, and in the first semblance of dawn the watcher is able to discern the beauties hidden during the waking hours. It is hard to see the best. Cloudland and palaces go together, yet these dissolve and not "a wrack" remains. The forms of snow-clad peaks transform themselves into odd fancies. The first rays of the great Eye of Day tinge the summits with a glory not seen elsewhere, and then the view fades and is hidden.

Stirrings of life begin in the town. The swallows bestir themselves at an early hour. Their season is short. Sounds of motor-cycles are heard. The peaks are there still, reminding one of the difficulty of outdoing one's neighbours.

A journey along the north side of the lake brings one at length to Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux. The latter occupies a beautiful position on the eastern end of the lake, is of mild climate, and attracts thousands of visitors each year. The situation commands a fine view—the Castle of Chillon not more than a mile away. Byron visited this place during his life, and wrote a poem called—

"The Prisoner of Chillon."

Sentiment seems to have overcome historical accuracy as in so many other instances. The situation is unique, and the blue waters of the lake as seen from the underground chamber verify the observations of the poet—a place—

> ". . . canopied by the blue sky,
> So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
> That God alone was to be seen in heaven."

Flitting through Aigle, one cranes his neck to catch a glimpse of the golf club, one of the few in Switzerland. No golfers visible that early hour of the morn. Later, not long, a waterfall was passed, which held some charm

and force combined. This illustrates the way the Swiss get their power for electrical purposes. The only thing to do is to harness the waters to a series of flumes, supply the machines, and the result is attained. Winter is the only foe—ice and severe frosts. Paucity of coal in this land renders the people helpless in some respects, but not in a coal strike. There is no coal here—unless imported. Nature supplies other means. Electrical industry in Switzerland is as far advanced as in any country of the world. Electrical experts may differ as to this, but naturally that sort of thing always obtains and the reason is obvious.

The ending of the journey as regards Switzerland drew to a close at Brigue. The time was Saturday night. The keeper of the inn, having received word from Montreux, put a chicken in cold storage, and when we arrived there was a most glorious supper. Trout from the Rhone also, the course previous to the chicken. A curious situation under the shadow of the Simplon Pass. Night having passed in comparative quiet, we arose early, and surveyed the wonders of the town—an old chapel near the hotel, and the Stockalper Palace on the rising slope beyond the market-place. All the time the musketeer kept lifting his eyes to the mountains above, and wondered where the road was, and what luck in crossing.

August 17th, Sunday. Dawned clear. Peaks and glaciers were shining in the morning light. Departed 9.30, and paused at the top of the Pass.

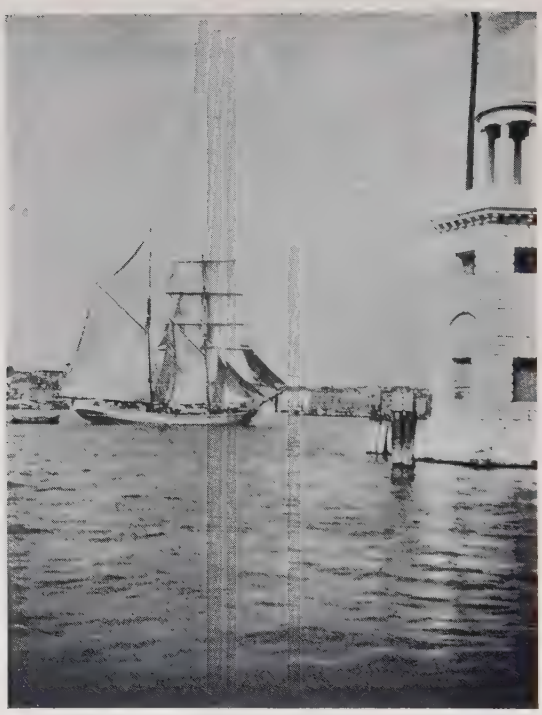
One hour later, about 6000 feet in the air, a strenuous journey and many inward worries on the way there. The motor kept on up the ever-ascending gradient, curve after curve, and far above us the glaciers on the left and the right. The situation was unique.

A few moments' rest, a brief survey—all too short—a moment's conversation with one of the men in charge of the roads, and then on to Italy, past the Customs and into the Land of our fondest dreams.

Italy, utter the word, and olive and vine will allure not,—
Wilderness, forest, and snow will not the passage impede;
Italy, unto thy cities receding, the clue to recover,
Hither, recovered the clue, shall not the traveller haste?

15.— Lake Trasimeno, Central Italy.

16.—Isola Madre.—(*Italy.*)



17.— Ship moving seaward. Venice.

18.— Bridge of Sighs. Venice.

19.— Piazza of St. Mark, Venice.

20 Embracing Warriors, near entrance, Palace of the Doges, Venice.

21.— River Arno, Florence.—(*Italy.*)

22.— Ponte Vecchio, Florence.—(*Italy.*)

23.— Roman Theatre, Fiesole.—(*Italy.*)

24.— View from Fiesole.
Hills of Vallombrosa in the distance. (*Italy.*)

25 Perugia.— (*Italy.*)

26 Fountain in Perugia.— (*Italy.*)

27.— Tomb on Appian Way, Rome.

28. Roman Forum, Rome.

29.—Dome of St. Peter's, Rome.

30.—Temple in Forum, Rome.

CHAPTER IV

Italy

Ruskin has stated the truth that nations write their history in three books—the book of deeds, the book of words and the book of art. This last is most reliable. Art is instinctive, spontaneous, and not subject to ultimate evasion of the truth. This book of art is as closely to be applied to Italy as any other country.

The descent to the northern plain of Italy from the Alps *via* the Simplon Pass and Domodossola brings one to the region associated with the Lombards, "sternly indocile, gloomily imaginative,—of almost Norman energy, and differing chiefly from all the other Western nations in that they never jest."

Things may be graceful, things may be appropriate, but grace and propriety do not always go together. Ruskin suggests that an elephant is properly made; so also a stag, but of the two the stag is more graceful in proportion. So it is with buildings, works of man, erected from age to age. They remain; the designer passes on, his name remembered only as some sort of discoverer, who, having graduated from school, was dismissed by the Master just as he had learned how to do something worth while.

One is safe in saying that in crossing the Simplon Pass, or others in the same class, consultation of the sky is necessary and comforting. Fortunately, this particular Sunday was a beautiful day. There was no "deepening" of clouds to use a word of Byron. On our progress down the slope to Italy the former silvery clouds began to melt imperceptibly into the blue. Once across the Border, our route led us direct to Stresa, on the shore of Lago Maggiore. A little to the north is located the famous home of Count Borromeo (*Isola Bella*), and to the eastward a short distance another island, *Isola Madre*, belonging to the same family, and famous for its beautiful garden in English style.

From Stresa the journey led us north to Cernobbio on the west shore of Lake Como. The hotel, Villa d'Este, is famous as a resort. Virgil extolled the beauties of

this region. Many pilgrims journey a little north to Bellagio. The motor route is winding, and the turns not suited to people of nervous temperament. Wending your way over the plain of Lombardy the thrills are less frequent and the scenery less enchanting. A thunderstorm the second evening resulted in a sort of panic at dinner, and many guests were compelled to seek shelter inside. When at eventide some of the boatmen move homeward, their forms silhouetted against the sky, one standing in the bow, the other in the stern, paddling in unison, the aspect is idyllic in its way, although the labour seems hard, and the progress slow. Nevertheless a sort of harmony abides in relation to the scene.

From Cernobbio our passage continued *en route* to Milano—the industrial capital of Italy, and centre of the *Fascist* movement of recent date. Industrialism always breeds certain distempers. Whether the movements relieve the congestion, and produce a saner type of working, is in question. Italy is not overburdened with capital, and the tendency to date has been to push the financial machine to its limit.

The road from Como to Milan is "on the level," and in fact much improved, due to a certain stretch in repair, and much up to date. The only drawback is excessive white dust, which gathers on the surface, and when the winds blow, produces a cloud of dust, which is unsurpassed by anything anywhere—even the Sahara. Getting in and out of this centre is a problem. The problem continues all across the plain of Lombardy to Venice.

The chief object in visiting Milan is to see the famous Cathedral, and view the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, housed in a Dominican Monastery in one quarter of the city. The Cathedral is a work of art—large and sumptuous—built of white marble—huge stained-glass windows—the whole fabric impressive in any light.

Written over one doorway and carved in stone is the triple motto—a most excellent one for life, which reads somewhat as follows—

1. All that pleases is but for a moment.
   (Under a sculptured wreath of roses.)
2. All that troubles is but for a moment.
   (Under a cross.)
3. That only is important, which is Eternal.

Aside from the Cathedral, its beauty, its pinnacles, its impressiveness, our next concern is the haunt of Leonardo da Vinci. To find this it is necessary (if hurried) to hire a guide, and move to the desired haven, *viz.*, the Dominican Monastery to the north of the town. The entrance to the refectory reveals that wondrous spectacle of the ages—the celebrated *Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci*, the great masterpiece of the artist, painted on the east end of the building, and now much faded and marred by the ravages of time. The picture was probably painted before 1499. The colours began to peel by the 16th century. Most things peel in these days. Some sort of mastic applied in 1908 is supposed to preserve the picture for a long time—how long we do not care to say.

Visit this place, and you will perhaps see an expert on a scaffolding viewing this masterpiece with the practiced eye of a doctor—injecting his syringe here and there, passing a fairy touch over the wounds wrought by time. It is said that one "salaried preserver" has been succeeded by a second. Gabriele d'Annunzio intoned a lament on the decay of this work, and an expert was called as to the bedside of a dying man. Miracles in relation to long lapses of time are not always possible. Do not put off too long. There's a day of reckoning.

A traveller and critic visited this painting of Leonardo some twenty years after its completion, and then noted signs of "peeling" by reason of dampness, etc. The same thing may be observed in the United States in connection with certain works supposed to be done by first-class artists, and at great expense.

Why do things spoil?

The reason in this instance was that da Vinci painted in oils on a bad foundation. Injections of petroleum and resins explain part of the cure. Petroleum seems to be a vogue in this present age. Petrol, Mastic, Powder. "There will always be men to cure" the ills of this portrait or painting, but in the end it will look like a woman bedaubed with paints and lip-stick combinations. The result that the once glorious vitality infused by Leonardo has departed. The splendour dimmed, voice reduced to a whisper. A whisper only of the glory that once existed in its pristine beauty.

The next leg of the journey led us through Cremona, located on the Po, and famous for its violins and violas; thence through Mantua and Padua to Venice. A two hundred mile ride across the plain of Lombardia, level as a floor, and in many places the road almost deserted during the quiet of the summer afternoon. A boat was in waiting at Mestre. Baggage was changed, and passengers transferred to this motor-craft, and in a few moments we were off for one of the most charming and unique spots in the whole world. The sea choppy. At length as evening fell, we moved down the grand canal and shortly to our destination at the hotel near the Palace and Cathedral of San Marco. The glory of Venice lies behind—the date somewhere in the 15th century. Associations with Oriental commerce have produced their influence on this city of the sea. The population is now about 150,000, of whom one-fourth are said to be paupers.

Asked what the most impressive things are, the answer is: the canals, the gondolas, the men operating them, the ancient houses, the square in front of St. Mark's Cathedral, the palace of the Doges, and the views far and wide. The sunlight is a marvel in its way. No dust pervading the town. "Muskeeters" are one drawback, and the traveller is required to sleep under a netting during the watches of the night. It gives a constricted feeling.

The hotel, one of the first, evidently consisted of a couple of old Venetian Palaces combined into one by means of a passageway.

The gondolas are the only restful contrivances in the city. They take the place of cabs in other cities, and mentioned as far back as 1094—only twenty-eight years after the Conquest. A law passed in the 15th century decreed that these gondolas should be painted black. It is not the black of the undertaker's wagon. Just how they conduct funerals remains an unknown matter to the musketeer, but he presumes that many of them are conducted by water. Where the cemetery is located is unknown. Perhaps Venetians are like sea-gulls. When they die, they simply disappear. Later research discloses the final resting-place on an island.

Murano and Lido are the two most interesting places within gun-shot of the town. Murano is famous for its glass; Lido for its bathing, and pranks at luncheon, the

diners eating their meal in shocking garments, just dampened in the deep, and the effect so depressing, that a Methodist lady from Akron, on seeing the gaieties, remarked—"It's like Hell." We've never seen this place; we did not visit Lido, so we are not prepared to pronounce on either.

The charm of Venice lies in the fact that one desires to go back again to get another view of the colour, the life, the doves, the palaces, the relics of art, the lack of hurry, the calm of the gondola. One aspect at present deserves censure and that has to do with the introduction of motorboats. These modern specimens of ugliness appear at different corners, and shoot out from under the dark bridges, leaving a distinctly bad impression when compared with more artistic means of transportation. Those responsible for this raw modern introduction should be taken some distance outside the city limits, and dropped overboard. A little extra weight would help, if firmly attached to the neck.

Venice in the early morning is in some respects like other cities. There are few early risers, excepting those who attend to the printing of the papers, and the vendors of food. We left the hotel *via* the water route. We heard the rattle of the presses on the left of one canal, and out in the open, near the market, we noted a milkman testing the milk by dipping his pint into one can, tasting the milk and dropping the rest back into its original receptacle, and so on along the list. It looked like a sanitary process.

Venice is also remembered as the resort of many famous men. Artists, poets, statesmen, philosophers and travellers came to this place and departed. Byron arrived here the 11th of November, 1816; Browning died here. Shelley visited this poetic realm, and many others.

In passing the Mocenigo Palace the gondolier is careful to remind you of the fact and, pointing to the spot, exclaims—"*casa di Bee-roon.*" This poet lived five years in Venice, and demonstrated the fact that a man of genius may fall to a very low level. He proved an amourous adventurer, a bounder in the true sense of the word, and the fact that he now lies buried in a gloomy vault in a gloomy town in England serves as part of the Nemesis of Fate. Shelley, his friend, evidently stood in higher estimation of the gods. Shelley was the more sensitive of the two.

Often they journeyed beyond the confines of Venice, viewed the dim palaces, the screening of the Euganean Hills, and, at eventide, the departure of "such glory as nowhere else might be seen commingling, where man's ambition had built upon the water things of beauty that are as the fabric of a dream: temples of massive domes and noble columns, palaces of marble in glimmering marriages of Byzantine and Gothic, of East and West, welded in the craftsmenship of the Middle Ages."—*Vide* C. Roberts, *Fortnightly Review*, January 1, 1924. . . .

Venice continues on. The gondolier pauses opposite the palace and exclaims—"*Casa di Bee-roon, signore!*" and the curious visitor views the ancient repository of things past and gone; the greenish waters lap the weedy steps, and only echoes of the past remain, of presences once thrilled with life.

Sadness lends its note to the other thrills—a sadness long drawn as of the sea swinging forward and then back to the great deep. The Greek poets heard it; Arnold discerned something of it, and others, who have listened, mused and tried to see the ultimate goal.

Beauty lasts for the moment; then changes to something strange and new, but at last only that is beautiful, which continues, which resounds across the ages, untainted by decay, intrigue, lust, vanished splendour—voices which sound forever and forever to the glory of the Eternal.

Sunset as viewed from the Lido is well portrayed by Byron—

> . . . the swift sun yet paused in his descent
> Among the many folded hills; they were
> Those famous Euganean Hills which bear,
> As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,
> The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
> And then—as if the Earth and Sea had been
> Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
> Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
> Around the vapourous sun.

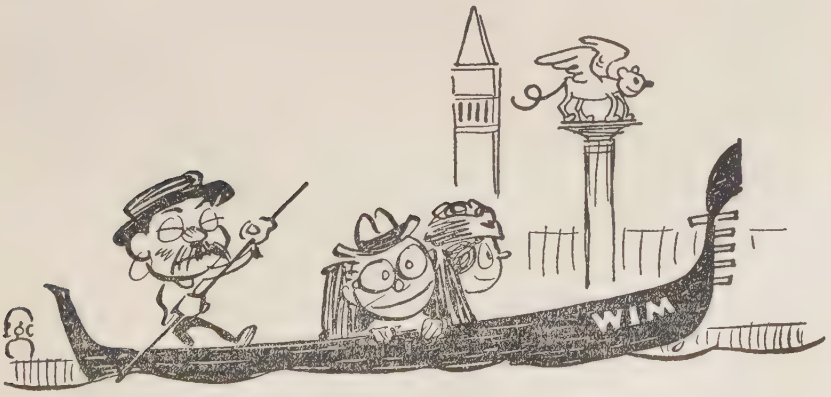
One or two observations before leaving this city of the sea. First, we may say that since 1813 the island of San Michele and its neighbour have served as a cemetery. The crematory has not yet found ready acceptance in Italy.

On our way to Florence we made acquaintance of two women and one man, same compartment and hailing from the same city in Ohio. Conversation waxed and waned as we passed in and out of various tunnels, and at length, getting over-curious, we dared to ask the man what his vocation was. To this searching question he replied that he was an undertaker. Fifty years had secured enough to pay for a trip to Europe.

Venetians, who operate gondolas, are characterised by a certain charm, and coupled with this a readiness to earn a penny. The one standing near the bow kept shouting a series of signals—

a-oel—look out,
sia-stali—keep to the right,
sia-premi—keep to the left,
sia di lungo—keep straight on.

Leaving Venice by train obviates certain difficulties in connection with the porters—especially at Mestre. The balance of our party alighted there. The fees did not seem to be rotund enough, and the porters pretended that they were going to make off with the baggage. A row resulted. Arthur pointed to his hip-pocket. In the United States that would indicate evasion of the law; in Italy it meant a gun. A knifing expedition seemed inevitable. The young lady of the party saved the day by reaching toward one porter, and exclaiming—"D——n it, give me that bag!" This broke the camel's back.



At the latter end of the day we arrived at Florence, and were located near the Arno, mentioned by Dante, and used as a fishing resort below the dam. Many onlookers stood by to watch proceedings. What did Dante do when he was a boy, and how did he fish this turbid stream?

August 23, 1924.
Venice to Florence *via* Padua.

The road across the Apennines affords beautiful views of the mountains and surrounding country. In the cinematic progress of travel all days seem very much alike—all sacred, if only for the food obtained. Question as to services on Sunday revealed the fact that Churches and Golf Clubs were closed on that day—presumably due to the season, to lack of travellers, and the run-down condition of the greens. The famous *Duomo* was also closed for repairs. However, the travellers were not too much cast down. The hotel was pleasantly located near the Arno, and from the window a careful survey could be made—the water falling languidly over the dam, a few fishermen dancing around in the waters in search of fish, and to the eastward, in the direction of Vallombrosa, one could see the old bridge reproduced elsewhere. A goodly place this Florence in which to dwell. Once it was the home of Dante, Savonarola, Cellini and Boccaccio.

The Florence of to-day is not the Florence of Dante. Former antique and obnoxious dwellings have been destroyed, and their place taken by the newer sort—a sort of colour like tawny marble, changing at times, as most things change, and particularly before a storm. Dust was prevalent, and windy gusts swept the 'orrible stuff into your nostrils, and almost produced a temporary attack of asthma. The Arno flows on, a very turbid stream (mentioned in Dante's great work)—in summertime only half a stream. Those who appreciate old buildings, especially palaces, find that visitation of these haunts in Florence results in an elevation of taste, an appreciation of the sort of world in which Dante lived—a world of books, dreams and things supremely beautiful.

Bells ring at various times, day and night, carrying one back to the Middle Ages—bells green in colour,

beautiful in shape and tune, swinging from ancient beams, echoing above "the squares with houses," then dying away, the humming alone reminding the listener of "air aching with ecstasy."

One must not forget that others have loved this city as well as Florentines, have photographed the place and written about her. This is the city of "Romola, the lily of Florence." This is the city of scholarship, of artists, of poets, of sadness as of Romola, Dante and Savonarola, and yet withal the city of liberty.

The environs of Florence are most charming. A pleasant journey for Sunday morning may be taken to Fiesole, an ancient Etruscan town, some of the old walls preserved, but most remarkable of all for the fine view to the north and east. To the eastward lies that enchanting region of Vallombrosa. The remains of an old Roman theatre at Fiesole are interesting to those who study the past, the customs of long forgotten generations, their ways and fancies.

A journey to Vallombrosa in the afternoon repays the traveller in spite of the hard climb, dusty roads and many bumps *en route*. The village is a modest one. The vineyards are as fine as any in Italy—the vines sturdy, well trained and bearing their share of fruit.

Vallombrosa, situated in a sequestered spot, was founded in 1015 by San Giovanni Gualbarti, a rich Florentine, and has passed through many changes since that time. At present moment it is occupied by the *Reale Instituto Forestale*. The monks have practically disappeared. *Their church services are very sparsely attended.* Meteorology has the right of way.

The poet, Milton, made a pilgrimage here two hundred and eighty-seven years previous to last August 30th. Galileo was then alive. He received most of his educational training from the monks of Vallombrosa. Mathematics excluded. "Paradise Lost" reveals something of the effect of this sojourn in those lines, 302ff., which read—

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
> High over-arched imbower.

Poetic realm of cypresses, firs and murmuring pines, which rear their heads above the solitude, broken only by the cries of eagles and the pageantry of storm! A close study of Milton's majestic poem reveals something of the enchantment of this place and association with Galileo. Some say that Milton got his first hint of the *Epic* in Italy. Milton also visited Florence and in one record writes—"I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." The world was on the move.

In another passage Milton records the following—"I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had) and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile conditions into which learning amongst them was brought—that this was it which had dampt the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had been written there now these many years but flattery and fustian."

The old Vallombrosa is only a memory, the vintage, the monks, the lonely corridors, the dusty chapels, the relics of antiquity. Woodcutters and donkeys (plenty of the latter in this world) abound in that "Shady Valley."

To both Galileo and Milton came blindness, just why one cannot always tell. The fact remains. The English poet wrote a famous sonnet on his infirmity—

> They also serve who only stand and wait. . . .

A message of hope for those in affliction, those who are not able to behold the splendours of the physical universe, the colours of the rainbow, some of these very brief, but even the more beautiful because of their brevity.

An encouraging feature remains, unseen by the superficial observer. The insignia of these two Immortals (Galileo and Milton) are represented by a ladder and an

eagle's head—emblematic of the heights, the spiritual, the desire to climb above the plane of "things temporal."

A new addition to the "muskeeters" of Perugia arrived there on the afternoon of August 26th. A number of hill-towns were passed in the endeavour to get there. Arrival meant retirement to bed through temporary illness, accompanied by many gloomy thoughts. The dust of the town and the surroundings failed to indicate anything superfine in the line of modern sanitation. The hospitals, if any, were probably death-dealing institutions for foreigners. The afternoon waned, the children under the window made merry, the shades of evening came down gradually, and flashing afar we saw on a distant hill the lights of Assisi. So much has been written about this place, and the good saint has been "tuned up" so many times and by so many varied writers and authorities, that it would be foolish for us, even on *a quiet rest from the ravages of travel,* to make any observations.

Perugia is still on the map. Colour abounds in that precious city; the views are magnificent. "Picturesque" is the word. There are many varied surfaces over which the eye of the appreciative can wander with pleasure. Not much here that partakes of modernity. There is a famous town hall, a façade of San Bernardino, and a fresco of San Severo by Raphael. A walk about town, and outside the wall, would repay any interested traveller. Many of the houses were built long ago, how many years, who can say? "Here Raphael stayed as guest in 1515." The fountain is a fine one. Perugians boast about it. Something of "the peace, which Catherine and Francis and Bernardino preached and Perugino painted, has remained."—*Cf. Blashfield.*

Night in Perugia gives unfailing witness to the brightness of the stars—those everlasting comforters of the Ages, shining on, conveying their message of hope to benighted travellers. Emblem of that which is cheering, they witness to the goodness of God. All praise! *So chants the weary traveller as he moves on in search of the beauties of the world.*

Rome at last. The speed indicated some 90 to 100 k's. The road not exactly perfect. The way was a bit tortuous. "All roads lead to Rome." The student of History appreciates the fact, but *that which fails to stand the historical test, qualifies the standing somewhat.* There is a great deal of "Historical Improbability." There are rocks in every ocean sailed by any earthly mariner. Many a fair ship has been wrecked. Some remain to be wrecked. *Scientific exposition must play the last melody or funeral march.* Strange that the sons of men have not appreciated this sort of thing. To listen to some of the exponents of the press, secular or ecclesiastical, one would think that they had just received a new revelation, which was patented. No centre of the world is big enough to contain all the patents to be devised. The only safety lies in an infallible adding machine.

"First name of the world's names, Rome."

Poets are no more infallible than many other remarkable men at large. Swinburne so expressed himself in regard to the Metropolitan City of the Western Church. Jerusalem and Athens, even Constantinople, should not be forgotten. Aside from history, history which can be authenticated (most accounts are biased by the personal colouring), the modern traveller has the opportunity of viewing the latest monument (aside from the ancient ones), *viz.*, the erection due to the King, asserting the Kingdom's equality to all gone before—the Empire and the Papacy. The monument impresses the visitor, and when completed will undoubtedly add to the grandeur of the city.

This place has witnessed and harmonised many antipathies. From this city Gregory the Great sent forth Augustine and his missionaries to England, where they arrived *circa* 597. It seems that there were churches there in that Kingdom at that time. Evidence accumulates in connection with the Council of Arles *circa* 314. "As negotiations held at Rome in October, 313, had failed to settle the dispute between the Catholics and the Donatists, the Emperor Constantine summoned the first general council of his western half of the empire to meet at Arles by the 1st of August following. . . ."—*Ency. Brit.*

Seeck's attempt to prove that the Emperor Constantine was present in 316 is improbable. Thirty-three bishops were present in the most authentic list of signatures, and among them three from Britain (York, London, and probably Lincoln). *Where these British Bishops originated as previous to date of Augustine's coming, rather puts a sort of damper on claims so loudly asserted.* How much is magic, how much reality, remains for the tranquillising touch of history and the future centuries.

In the 16th century the art of Italy attained its height in the Capital. A visit to the Sistine chapel is only needed to confirm this. The greatest church in Christendom still stands in spite of time and earthquakes. Famous artists have contributed their quota to this monument—especially Michelangelo and Raphael—rivals in a sense, differing in temperament and orientation, the one on the "mountain-top" wrapped in clouds; the other in the serenity of eternal sunshine. One represents an overwhelming personality; the other the youth of a dawning age, and a look toward the sunrise.

Wandering up and down the aisles and corridors of this art-centre of Christendom, the spectator wonders just what the original intent of the artist was, how the colours looked when he applied them. Colour plays a tremendous part, but colours do not last. The basic materials are also transitory, the surfaces are perishable. Many of the colours have faded, have been retouched—some with success, some with failure. Only the artist's intent remains, his appropriation of all that has gone before as represented in some new masterpiece.

Nocturnal sounds sometimes distress the visitors to any city. Noise is rather prevalent in this world, especially in the crowded centres. London at night is not a quiet place—especially the Strand. Paris is able to furnish her full amount of noise—more particularly the "tootings"—very sharp and shrill. All night they continue. From your hotel window you may glance out at any hour and see small motors moving around the corners, men and women still jostling each other.

In short, noise is the order of the night as well as the day. Rome is no exception. We were not troubled to such an extent, because the season was not so crowded, and our location was one of the quietest in the city.

One disgruntled Englishman, who took lodgings near the spot "where John Keats died," spent a few sleepless nights, due to the "tootings" and the shriek of the cars as they rounded the curves.

Geography plays a part in this sort of thing. It signifies narrow, tortuous streets. The fact that bells bang, and horns blow or toot, does not prove that Rome is any worse than London or Paris. As a matter of fact they are all much the same. If people troubled with insomnia desire a place where they can sleep in peace (one of the gifts of the gods) let them retire to the country, let them read Horace and follow his advice.

Politics play a part in the matter of noise. The politicians do their full share. In Rome the blame is thrown on the shoulders of the *Fascists*. This may not be a reasonable accusation, but due to the peculiarities of the individual Englishman. It ought to be admitted that violent sensations do not necessarily correspond to spiritual vitality. Noise and insight are not necessarily bound together.

It is said that Italians love a din. That may be so. They make many ejaculations at times—especially when the *macaroni* is in evidence. Italians in Boston would raise a louder kick if they knew that an *Irishman* manufactures most of this sort of thing eaten in the vicinity of the "Hub." Englishmen do not love a din; they love quiet, to be let alone, but the size of their machines is sufficient, when rolling around the streets or country lanes, to make a noise like the ancient warriors of Greece on a march. When the machines get old the tendency is for the noise to increase. This is contrary to the waning power incarnate in human organisms. As they get older, they get quieter, they do more looking on, they say less, they observe, and conclude that "All is not gold that glitters." The quieter music may be more appropriate—quiet as a sunset—but not as quiet as "the still midnight," when no tootings are allowed, no passing motorman signalling to his sweetheart as he rounds a hasty

corner, and wakes the sleeping lion in the nearby apartment, who has just arrived, and expects a silence as great as that in the British Museum at Midnight.

A walk through St. Peter's (*San Pietro in Vaticano*) brings its own reward. How much of the early Church remains, said to date back to the fourth century, is a question. At Christmas, 800, Charlemagne was crowned here by Leo III. The architect, Bramante, was the successful competitor. Michelangelo also had something to do with the completion of the work, the strengthening of the pillars supporting the dome, and also the completion of the dome itself. Various vicissitudes have attended this vast basilica, one of the oldest in Christendom, occupying an area of 18,100 square yards.

The interior is most imposing. On the pavement near the central door is the round slab of porphyry on which the emperors were formerly crowned. By the fourth pillar to the right is the bronze statue of St. Peter. The frieze near the dome bears the inscription—

Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram aedificabo ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni caelorum.

Above the High Altar under the dome rises the imposing *Baldacchino*, which was constructed in 1633. In the *Tribune* beyond the dome is the *Cathedra Petri* supported by the four doctors of the Church—Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius and Chrysostom.

Those who come to such a Temple as this must come prepared, if they wish to carry away definite remembrances. A visit here must always rank as one of the great events of any traveller's life.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! . . .

Aside from certain rambles about the city, there comes the distinct remembrance of one book store, and the purchase of two volumes entitled: "Walks in Rome" by A. J. C. Hare & St. C. Badderley; also "Days near Rome" by the same authors. The books on Rome are

valuable. Those who travel without due preparation are like fish out of water, boors in Kings' Palaces, ignoramuses in the Palace of Poesy.

One day's journey south of Rome carries one past the ruins situated near the *Via Appia Nuova.* The tombs on the Appian Way are worthy of a visit, but the roadway is in very poor condition at present time. The journey to Terracina, about 100 miles, proved of great interest—"most picturesque and beautiful." Hans Christian Anderson writes—"Before me lay the sea—the wonderfully beautiful Mediterranean. . . . Far out at sea I saw islands, like floating clouds of the most beautiful lilac colour, and perceived Vesuvius, where the dark column of smoke became blue in the far horizon."

On the way back to Rome, we picked a few bunches of grapes and, having eaten half of them, in a moment of forgetfulness sat on the other half, which resulted in a sad disfiguration of our outing garb.

August 31, 1924.

The journey north from Rome led us *via* Viterbo (scene of some exciting events (Camorra)—including a puncture in the middle of the walled town). A quiet afternoon (Sunday) brought us to Siena, "throned on many hills." Some say that this city is built on the summit of an extinct volcano—the square occupying the place of the crater. The hills and steep gradients outside the city indicate volcanic activity in the past.

The "wolf-myth" is apparent here as in Rome. The story of the she-wolf suckling a child probably came from Etruria, and the original home was Crete. The whole theme contains religious and ætiological elements.

The inhabitants of Siena were addicted to horse racing; even the Saints were implicated.

Dante expressed a certain criticism of these people in the 13th century to the effect that "the Sienese are as vain as the French." These Italians curled their hair, shaped their eyebrows and put on a special pallour. Ladies assumed a languorous attitude to attract lovers. Further study of this city, one of the fine centres of art, should be made.

Cor magis tibi Sena pandit.

31.— Santa Maria, Pisa.—(*Italy.*)

32.— Leaning Tower of Pisa.—(*Italy.*)

33. Siena.— (*Italy.*)
(Note Wolf.)

Exit from Italy brings regrets that one is not able to visit more of the "Hill Towns." For instance there is San Gimigano—a place of dark streets, an atmosphere of the Middle Ages, streets smelling of the Evil One, where at even the grey towers turn to gold in the light of the setting sun.

Pisa took us a little aside from the direct route to France, but the extra time spent here was worth while. This city on the Arno boasted association with the Crusades. In the 13th century Pisa was *the* foremost city in Tuscany. The three most interesting buildings—the Cathedral, the Baptistery (its wonderful echo), and the Campanile or "Leaning Tower."

Many tortuous trails across mountains at length brought us to Rapallo, the choicest part of the Italian Riviera; thence *via* Genoa (birthplace of Columbus) to the French border, and Nice for the night. Avignon next day; thence to Arles (see reproduction of the Roman Theatre); thence through the vineyard country. The harvest was in progress, and here and there the grape-pickers were making merry. The church of St. Saturnin at Toulouse made the stay in that city bearable; thence Carcassonne—a unique place on the border of the Pyrenees—a place originally set up to keep the passages into Spain, and defend the course of the rivers. Viollet-le-Duc has written an extended paper on this castle. The *Cité* with its fifty-four towers is one of the finest examples of a Mediæval fortress. Note illustrations! The view of the surrounding country is magnificent.

September 4th, Lourdes.

John Oxenham has written a booklet on "The Wonders of Lourdes" (Longmans, Green & Co.), 1924. His theme divides itself into two parts: 1. What is Lourdes? 2. What does it stand for? The brief facts may be summed up in this way—A small town among the foot-hills of the Pyrenees; dates back to time of William the Conqueror; streets narrow; a river flows by the town; official population about 9,000; last year there were a million visitors; they sleep anywhere; the place is 14 hours from Paris, and

22 from London; there are three churches—the Rosary, the Crypt, and the Basilica, all located on the top of the Grotto, where little Bernadette Soubirous, a peasant girl, aged fourteen, daughter of a bankrupt miller, received a vision of The Lady. Bernadette was undersized, ill-nourished, commonplace, uneducated, troubled with asthma. In repeated visions, The Lady said to her—"What I have to tell you I need not write." She asked the girl to return to the Grotto for fifteen days, and said, "I promise to make you happy, not perhaps in this world, but in the next." Investigations were held concerning these visions. Witnesses attended. They said, "We could and did see and understand that a conversation was going on between the mysterious Lady and the child upon whom our gaze was fixed."

People flocked to this place. No policemen needed. There is no disorder. Many are saying prayers; others devoutly worshipping; others being healed, and the visitor hears the joyful music above the rustle of the place. Anticipation and eagerness are revealed on most faces. Those who are sick come here to be healed. The singing of the tune by the thousands in the torch-bearers' procession is thrilling—

A-ve, a-ve, a-ve, Ma-ri-a!

As the words ring out, the torch-bearers raise aloft their torches, and the whole scene is wonderful and entrancing. One American, who witnessed it, said, "I was knocked clean off my pins."

The effect of this visit is good. No cure may be wrought, but one's faith may be increased, and we all need more of that. To the poor rather than the rich is the blessing in most cases recorded. Whatever critics may say (Oxenham), "Lourdes is to-day, without question, one of the great facts and factors in the spiritual life of France and of Europe." More of this revelation of the goodness of God is needed in the world.

Pau for the night. A vision of the Pyrenees. The highest peak could be clearly seen in the morning light. The name of this mountain (two peaks in reality) is *Pic du Midi d'Ossau*, height 9,465 and 9,155 ft. One of the photos was taken shortly after sunrise. A castle

reposes in this town; the view is one of the chief features, plus the mild climate. The *Gave de Pau* flows through Lourdes. The journey away next morning led us through Auch, the ancient capital of *Gascony*. One reason for going here was to see the Cathedral of Ste. Marie, one of the finest churches in southern France, and the 113 beautifully carved *stalls* in the choir. During our inspection (we were favoured by the attendant in charge) a wedding was in process of arrangement. The organ, dating from a previous century, was rather poor in tone, but the bride and groom, no doubt, were oblivious of this.

The second reason for this route was because of the Basque Country. These people also live in three of the provinces of Spain, *viz.*, Santander, Burgos and Logroño. The French Pays Basque forms part of the arrondissements of Bayonne and Mauléon.

The origin of these Basques is shrouded in obscurity. They wear little round skull-caps (blue or black in colour), are noted for "clearly speaking," for self-respect, pride of race and an obstinate conservatism. They are not addicted to towns. They prefer solitude. Many of them established the cod-fishery off the coast of Newfoundland. In religious practice they are conservative, disciples of Loyola and Xavier, and in other practices, notably marriage, they have kept to primitive observance. While religious, they have never allowed themselves to be priest-ridden as evidenced by their turning down the authority of the Spanish Bishops.

Biarritz is situated on a cliff facing the Bay of Biscay. This is the region where people sailing from England usually become very familiar with the rail of the ship. As long as they do not fall overboard, all is well. Sunday seemed to be our day to arrange in a becoming way. The people at such a place as this are not interested in church observances. "Muskeeters" are terrible. If you desire to do any of this *Musketeer-Business*, do not go to Biarritz. The nets over the beds give the visitor an idea that he is about to be smothered. Recollections of this very lively spot, where people sometimes get drowned, and a number of other happenings, were not

the most favourable in the world. A fine luncheon was served on the return of someone's birthday. The feat was well-done and a good price was charged—aside from the "phiz." Many distinguished people are supposed to visit this spot. Champions abound. Golf has a sort of first place. Those who play take the matter seriously. Most golfers do, and if they do not do well, claim some sort of alibi. This means that golf is about one-half a mental game. Aristocracy are supposed to haunt this locality. This presumably refers to those who are handicapped by the accident of birth, or those who are relieved of some of their money, provided they wish to live on the upper plane. Ten of the holes on the new golf course are laid out in the region of a virgin pine forest. The other holes are on the arid regions in near vicinity to the sea. There abides something fresh and inspiring about this place. We hope it continues. If the "muskeeters" could be reduced it would make a "marvelous" difference.

Hence to Spain! A comparatively unknown country to the travellers, who claim that they have summed up all that is to be known of the civilised world. A little catechism applied judiciously discloses the fact that most travellers are delightfully ignorant of the most important details. They are like sheep. They are better off than sheep, but not as innocent. Hence, then, to Spain!

Granada.—Vista general de la Alhambra desde San Nicolás. Señán y Gonzalez. ftg.

CHAPTER V

Spain

A journey into Spain, especially by motor, is attempted with more trepidation than in other parts of Europe. Spain is less well known to the public. Tourists find it out of the way, and expensive. Motor rates go up the minute you cross the border. Some fear bandits, but bandits apply to all countries. The man with a gun in the open is not as dangerous as one lurking on a dark corner in America, ready to bring you down. Fears always play a great part in the general outlook, and half our fears are mere bogies. This sort of thing is due to our ancient heritage as members of the race.

Most people have heard of *Don Quixote;* also *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.* Few have any definite knowledge of the greatest writers of prose in the language. By this we mean to say that not many modern people care to bother with "real" literature. Anything "freakish" may be said to make its appeal, but the differences between this sort of literature and the stately Elizabethan prose are represented by a wide margin.

Spain has many treasures, *e.g.*, the *Poem of the Cid;* the *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros;* the poetry of Fray Luis de Leon; the dramas of Lope de Vega and Calderon.

Her language is one of the most mellifluous in existence. To listen to the sweet cadences of Spanish songs is to appreciate that inner music of the soul, which makes its appeal to every age.

One instance is illustrated in the *Poem of the Cid* whose date is about 1200, and "written two hundred years before Chaucer formulated English speech—and more intelligible to the natives of Spain than *Canterbury Tales* are to us. . . ."

Cid was a real hero, associated with Burgos, a man of breeding and noble character, a "champion" of his day, and so known throughout Spain. The Manuscript, as all manuscripts of the past, has come down to us in more or less mutilated form. The metre should be noted:

> Their shields before their breasts forth at once they go,
> Their lances in the rest, levelled fair and low,
> Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
> Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle bow;
> The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
> "I am Ruy Diaz, the champion of Bivar."
>
> —*Tr. Frere.*

The case of Fray Luis de Leon (1528–1591), Spain's greatest lyrical poet, should be noted. He was made a Doctor of Divinity at the youthful age of thirty-three, and later became professor at the University of Salamanca (1560–1572). Research into this sort of thing is required of all those interested in the ultimate facts relative to Spain or any other country. Those desirous of seeing the light must submit to its test. Whether hares, dead lions or dead bishops, the eventual issue is concerned about matters substantiated by facts.

The fact that Luis de Leon on resumption of his lectures at Salamanca (second in reputation to none in Europe), after his little sojourn under the auspices of the Inquisition, was able to remark to his students—"As we were saying when we last met," must be regarded as the remark of one of *the elect.* He had been accused of doubt as to the validity of the Vulgate. The charge indicated that this man was a free thinker and one of the staff of a prominent university. The other universities of equal

standing at that time were Paris, Bologna and Oxford. University life in the latter Middle Ages was an interesting affair. Records indicate that every University possessed a "cook, salaried barber, and a mule." The dress of the scholars was another matter. Also the taking of a degree, which in the case of Salamanca meant a great deal of expense. This would rob many a modern of his seeming importance, and colleges would have to resort to some other method of getting rich in a quick way. As was stated long ago—"We do not receive skill and letters from our degree but from our work and study."

The brother of the ages is described by Bell (*Luis de Leon*) "in his silent convent, gazing, but alone, at the same stars, a friar, the day's boisterous discussions of lecture-room and council-chamber ended . . . brooding over the yet more sublime flights of the spirit, and the ultimate nature and origin of all things. The influences of the stars rained down peace and strength on his troubled spirit, as night after night in the cloudless summer months they passed in marvelous procession above the sleeping city."

The poet visited Burgos in 1586–8, and attended a mission in the city of Madrid. Cervantes attested his debt to Luis de Leon, and how the hero of Salamanca had given "the battered soldier" a new impetus to write.

The end for Fray Luis drew near, August 23, 1591. "The last sound in his ears . . . must have been that of the subtle wind, blowing in a cloudless sky. . . . The palaces and glitter of crowded cities passed before him. . . . Salamanca the golden city . . . an endless procession of scenes and faces . . . and perhaps he saw heaven open and . . . a radiant vision . . . (which) was no ending, but promotion to a higher sphere."

Happy whose life is spent
In learning's humble sphere,
Far from the world malevolent;
He, with poor house and fare,
Communing with God alone,
Doth in the country fair
Dwell solitary, there
By none envied, envying none.

—Luis de Leon—Oxf. Bk. of Verse, number 85.

The History of Burgos is closely connected with that of Old Castile. The Cathedral is built of white, marble-like limestone of Ontoria. Date of founding, July 20, 1221, by Ferdinand III and Bishop Maurice. Three hundred years brought the "venerable pile" to completion. The western towers were built 1442–58; the octagonal lantern was completed by *Juan de Vallejo* in 1567. Near the northwest portal is the "golden staircase," which descends to the transept of the Cathedral. Much elaborate sculpture abounds,—patriarchs, prophets, kings and queens, scenes from the Bible, lives of saints and the Saviour. Examination of the interior of the *Octagon*, the *Coro*, the *Cristo de Burgos*, the *Capilla del Condestable* and others, involves the spending of considerable time. Mention might be made that the style of the *Capilla* is called "plateresque." The reader is referred to the *Detalle de la tumba de los condestables de Castilla por Felipe de Borgoña. Siglo XVI.* Note the picture, which gives an idea of the elaborate detail. "The Tears" as illustrated on the page opposite the *portada* is worthy of consideration.

The Spanish word indicates "moisture trickling in drops." There is some botanical association (lithospermum). Job's tears come in for consideration. *Coix lacryma Jobi.* Also reference is made to *wine extracted from the grape by slight pressure, in order to have the purest juice.* Then pebbles thrown at any person bear some relation to the theme. The picture evidently conveys its message.

The question of "smells" arises after a brief sojourn in some of these famous cities. The outlook from our bedroom seemed to suggest some association with a horse-stable. Several "bites" gave evidence of existence next morning. Perhaps the "muskeeters" in that vicinity have special protuberances, which are useful for puncturing purposes. The ladies in the opposite alley disappeared as soon as we gave evidence of being alive. A lunch furnished by the hotel authorities kept us in a state of liveliness until the city of Madrid appeared. One of the party was a bit upset, perhaps due to crossing the

Tombs of the Constable, Viceroy of Castile, and his wife Doña Mencia de Mendoza.
Obit 1492 and 1500. (*Burgos.*)

Columbus.— Catedral.— Monumento a Colón, Sevilla.
— *Linares Fotógrafs.*

Sierras, but all afflictions pass away, and give place to a lot of other things, which pop up from the region of "nowhere."

Madrid is one of the most charming cities in Europe. It is more modern than some of the other notable places, *viz.*, Valladolid, Toledo and Granada. The fine buildings give it a palatial air, and in a sense suggest Washington, D. C. This city is undoubtedly the administrative centre of Spain. King Alfonso's palace is located on the western side of the town, looking in the direction of the Sierra de Guadarrama mountains, from whence blow those icy blasts which make you "wait for May 40th before you lay aside your cloak."

In the vicinity of the Prado the traveller finds some ancient bookstores, where he may search at his leisure for choice tomes. The prices vary from 5 pesetas to 5000 pesetas. The age of printing extends from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day.

An examination of the Title Pages of these books shows them to have been published in the following places: Madrid, Puerto Rico, Granada, Barcelona, Sevilla, Valencia, Lima, Salamanca, Zaragoza, Lisboa, Venecia, London, Neuva-York, Paris, Roma, Caracas, Palma, Valladolid, Burgos, Toledo, Cordoba, Manilla, Bruselas, Santander, Santiago, Segovia, and other places.

Sept. 9, 1924.
En route to Burgos.

All things come to an end according to the wise man; so also this diary, and many others (some at more rapid rate). A motor-cyclist on some hill in the Sierras on the way to Burgos had bad luck and stopped on a rather steep hill. The picture of the man on an ass, watching proceedings, was rather amusing. In Spain transportation is attained mostly by means of mules. Several thousand villages in that peninsula have no railroads, and the only way to enter such principalities is by means of a faithful donkey. A donkey is much like a dog. He means well, he acts well at times, and at other times conditions are bad.

One fact should be noted *re* transportation in Spain, and that has to do with the gauge of the railroads. The width of the rails averages something like 5–6 inches more than the other roads of Central Europe and America. This scheme *in re* Spain and Russia suggests a *strategic* method. A circus, parading Europe, would find these two countries a pill to crack. The trucks could not adjust themselves to a different gauge. The manager of an American Show of some dimensions indicated that the above corresponded to the truth. Whether *truth* applies to a circus may be questioned, but there are plenty of other shows, which hardly square with Euclid's rules.

When the Musketeer proceeded to measure the distance between the rails with a frail cane, the occupants of the train *en route* and a number of spectators on the platform wondered if the perpetrator of such a rig was sane. However, the matter was duly arranged, and any critics or agnostics, who desire evidence, may obtain the same on personal application at the main office. We haven't as much *red-tape* in evidence, but the marks on that Malacca cane should convince even the most sceptical.

Having left San Sebastian behind (we were never in such *a lost condition* as there—owing to lack of knowledge of the native language), we lunched at Tolosa; then proceeded onward to our goal, which was Burgos. The season was not Easter, but early fall. A fortunate season gave us cool air and tolerable days. A considerable number of soldiers greeted us on the way to our first night's sojourn in Spain. The road was better than we anticipated. The King of Spain should be credited with one good deed. No doubt many others. Roads indicate the condition of a country. When the roads improve, the country is probably on the upgrade.

The way from San Sebastian to Burgos seemed to us to be in as good condition as most of the ways in Southern France. At the boundaries of provinces the tourist may be called upon to pay some few pesetas, but that is a small irritation. Pay and move on! Quibbling does not result in any great satisfaction. Burgos represents a wonderful city, and the Cathedral is undoubtedly one of the finest in Europe. One motorist in his account in an English paper claims that he made Madrid inside of one day. That distance represents something like 500 miles. That he entered the city at midnight is not to be doubted.

About the date of September 12th, a plan was made to go to the Escorial. The "Rolls" was in a state of collapse owing to a broken spring. This necessitated one day's vacation. A Hudson was engaged, and part of the trip negotiated, but before the completion of said journey, it was decided to return to Madrid—partly because the country looked rather wild, and the driver was a bit in question. Part of the recompense of the journey was taken in observation of a shepherd tending his sheep on one of the wilds between Madrid and the Sierras.

The visit to the Escorial was negotiated a day or two later. This palace, known as *Real Monasterio de San Lorenzo del Escorial*, is one of the most remarkable edifices in the world. The spot combines solitude and proximity to Madrid. Charles V evidently spent considerable time in consideration of the details. Philip II was largely responsible for the actual construction. The burial vault was finished by Philip IV. See reproduction! The ground-plan represents the gridiron on which St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom. The style is Renaissance of North Italy.

One of the chief concerns while in Madrid is the visit to the *Museo del Prado* and the *Saloon of Velasquez, which has the largest collections of this famous artist of any gallery in the world.* The artist was born in Seville, June, 1599. Ruskin says—"Everything Velasquez does may be taken as absolutely right by the student." Technique and individuality give this painter pre-eminence. The artist was of Portuguese descent—his name, according to

Spanish custom, was taken from his mother. He strove to be the first in the painting of common things in preference to a second class in so-called high art. He fell in love with his master's daughter and married, thus getting over one of the crucial affairs of this world, and from that time devoted himself to the production of those works, which became as national as anything done by Cervantes. For a further study of this great man the reader is referred to various works on the subject.

An afternoon walk down the Prado brings the traveller to a number of bookstores, which smell like the age of Charles V. The antique shops partake of the same odour. A description of all the treasures to be found in such a city as this would require part of a volume. The reader must find that out for himself. Book-collecting is a special art; it depends on the peculiarities of the individual. Those who collect must remember that good books are not cheap, and rare volumes are not usually obtained on bargain counters. Those, who desire to build up libraries of any value, must be prepared to spend considerable money, time and more pains than they would spend on their personal appearance. The precious values of the ages are only for those who have eyes to see. Book-collectors and book-lovers eventually stand on a different plain. Each one goes to his own place in the universe.

One other impression remains, and that pertains to the afternoon rest, which most of the business people take. Shops are closed from noon to about four o'clock in the afternoon. The restaurants during that period are filled with those desiring some lighter form of amusement than work.

A day in Toledo overflows with reminiscences, sights and suggestions, which linger long after the journey. A young guide, who had obtained a superficial knowledge of English, undertook to pilot some of the party around the city. One of his observations was something like this: "Toledo, once 200,000 in population, and now only 25,000, at present time has one cathedral, twenty-five churches, one thousand priests, two thousand soldiers and four thousand asses." The history of the city goes

back to ancient times. The character of the outlay is Oriental. The cheerful part of the houses is on the inside. The Cathedral is early Gothic. The interior is unusually impressive. In one quarter of the city is a house where Cervantes used to live. Some of the most interesting buildings, visited, include—*San Juan de los Reyes*, the *Sinagoga del Tránsito*, and the *Museo del Greco*. The synagogue has no aisles; the light enters through small grated windows. Return to Madrid in the late afternoon led us by some village ladies doing their washing. The last picture in this book is that of a young lad, leaning on an old well or receptacle into which a greenish kind of water was slowly pumped by a patient ass, doing his bit all day in circling a homely contrivance. The lad seemed interested in proceedings—especially the rattle of the cinema. The ass stopped. The mother rushed out of the rude cottage, and banged the animal with a piece of slab, which resulted in the resumption of his dreary work. To make his lot worse he was blindfolded.

This stretch of country is flat and uninteresting, except for some association with Cervantes, and his windmill-episode related in "*Don Quixote.*"

The journey to Seville was taken by train. The day was rather warm. Evening brought us to this city of Andalusia and located on the banks of the tawny *Guadalquivir*. The climate is wonderful—even better than that of California or Florida. Columbus appeared at this city on March 31, 1493, on return from his first voyage to America. Velasquez and Murillo were born here. For further details the reader must consult the proper sources.

The hotel was pleasantly located, fronting a square. The large number of hacks parked on the other side of the street, gave the neighbourhood the appearance and *smell* of horse-alley—especially up to four in the morning, when some one mercifully washed the place. "Muskeeters" were in evidence.

Visits to the following took place, but not necessarily in exact order—The *Alcázar*, the palace of the Moorish kings, a sort of mediæval castle. The Andalusian atmosphere is apparent. The gardens of the Alcázar

afford the most complete example of early Spanish level type. The twelfth century in Seville was the most prosperous Moorish period. A general scheme is conspicuous by its absence. The *azulejos* or glazed painted tiles are one of most noticeable features. The benches, fountains, basins, are usually in polychrome. *Peter the Cruel* is said to have had something to do with the restoration of this wonderful place.

The Cathedral is one of the largest and richest in Christendom—a museum of art and a treasury of history. The edifice is dedicated to *Santa María de la Sede.*

We attended a Mass on Sunday morning about ten o'clock. The wonderful music, the soft light falling through the beautiful stained glass windows, and the order of the service, arrested the attention of the visitor. The choir were located in the *Cora.* One of the impressive parts of the service had to do with the reading of the Epistle and Gospel. The rest, of course, is understood.

The *Giralda,* the most conspicuous landmark in Seville, was originally the minaret or prayer-tower of the principal Moorish Mosque, erected 1184–96. About 80 feet above the ground, the walls are diapered with a net-work of bricks set edgewise, and made more attractive by means of niches and windows. We travelled up the slow-ascending way to the top, where we could look out on the city, view the court below, the pleasure haunts afar, the top of the Cathedral and the bells, which are shown in one of the illustrations.

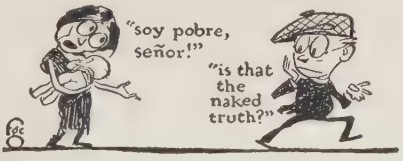
A journey next day, September 14th, to Cordova, one of the three most important Andalusian cities, past or present. The Mosque ranks as the most imposing monument of its time. The traveller is reminded of departed greatness. The hotel was fairly new. The spring in the bed, when one sat down, threatened to project the inmate far toward the ceiling. From the window, sounds of gaming could be heard, and continued far into the morning. A dear old lady spent the early morning hours on the corner opposite in cooking some sort of stuff in hot fat, and handing it out to various customers.

The night passed; morning dawned. Search was made for the breakfast-room, which in this case happened to be on a sort of piazza or garden—a little bit of the *patio* style. After waiting for some time, the waiter appeared. Breakfast later, and an egg, which, when opened, threatened the extinction of the eater. The colour was something like one of the ancient tiles of Moorish days, and the smell indescribable. After ringing of numerous bells, the waiter appeared and removed the menace from our midst.

Breakfast over, our journey led us to the famous Mosque—illustrative of the religious architecture of the Arabs of Spain. The exposure (interior) gives the reader an idea of the number of pillars. The number is said to be 860. One of the prayer-niches indicated a worn floor, and evidence of much kneeling in the past.

The Bridge of Cordova is quite noted in its way—consisting of 16 arches, 730 feet long, constructed on Roman foundations. Below the bridge is a Moorish water-mill.

A hasty flight toward the station led us at last to a place called *Bobadilla*, where all trains stopped for some time. The scenery afar was grand. The surroundings at the station a bit off. Numerous beggars beset the travellers, and one lady removed most of the clothes from her infant daughter in the endeavour to prove that some of the family were in need.



The flight continued to Granada, the capital of the famous Moorish Kingdom. The Romans came here long ago. The mountain-fastnesses in the vicinity made this place a favourite resort for refugees. The city affords many fine views, glimpses of the past, and many remains of exotic culture and art.

Granada at present time gives evidence of revival, partly due to the raising of sugar-cane. Thousands of olive trees may be seen in the vicinity—in fact, millions. Figs, grown at Granada, seemed the best of any eaten on the long journey. The hotel was located high up on a hill; far above in the distance could be seen the majestic Sierras.

Church edifices in this part of Spain are not very remarkable. One of the views incorporated in this volume was taken from one of the towers of a minor church. The greatness of the place is due to its past and a hundred precious associations.

Search for money in this place takes some time. It means a journey down town in some sort of vehicle. In this instance, we were accompanied not only by the driver but also by an interpreter. He failed to locate any bank, and, eventually, we had to do a bit of detective work, which landed us on a side-street, and in front of a very modest dwelling. After some research, we managed to extract from the inside residents a modest number of pesetas at the rate of exchange on that day. The man in charge—a sort of general official—had a very bad cold.

Talk about "Garden Accessories!" They bother a great many people. A great many things are taboo. A visit to the *Alhambra* and *Generalife* suggests a few new ideas.

This charming spot is said to be located about three thousand feet above the sea. A lot of sentimental tourists visit the place. They are in the same class as undertakers from the west and other places. They know as much about the characteristics of the civilisation as a lot of Hottentots. Their tour is "canned." They live on canned food, furnished by a number of canned agencies located in various parts of Europe.

We noted one artist from England, up early in the morning, sketching a view from a corner of the hotel piazza. Information in respect to this gentleman indicated that he knew more about the details of architecture in Granada than the guides.

34.—Sierras, Spain.

35.— Tolosa, Spain.

36.—Railroad in Spain.

37.—Boy with water-jar, Baeza.

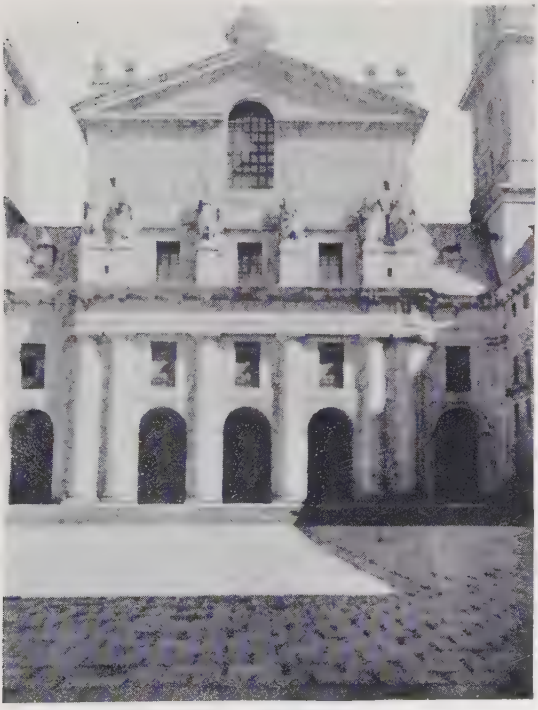
38.— Asses in Spain.

39.— En route.

40.— Cathedral of Burgos.

41. — Raining in Burgos.

42.— Velazquez.



43.— Escorial.

44.— Escorial.

45.— Escorial.

46.— Cathedral at Toledo.

47 Children at Tobeko

48 Interior of Moorish Church

49.— Synagogue at Toledo.—(*Interior.*)

50. Synagogue at Toledo.—(*Interior.*)

51.— Alcazar, Seville.

52.— Bells in Giralda Tower, Seville.

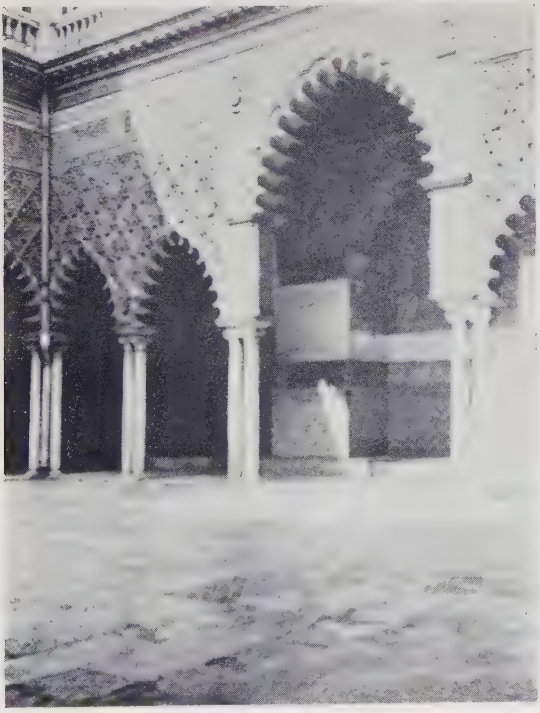
53.— Moorish Mill, Cordova.

54.— Bridge at Cordova.

55.— Mosque at Cordova. — (*Interior.*)

56. — Cordova.

57.— Granada.— Alhambra,— Torre de Comarès y Patio del Estanque.— Enrique Linares.



58.— Alhambra.

59.—Court of Lions, Alhambra.

60.—Court of Lions, Alhambra.

61.— Milking in Granada.

62.— Gipsy Quarter, Granada.

63 Alhambra

64.— Street Garbage, Granada

Attention is called to one of the pictures, which indicates the place, where the ruling power took his bath. The guide observed that when the king and his queen were in harmony they bathed in the same vat, but when not so, the queen was compelled to take her bath in a side-tank.

One room in this palace was used by Washington Irving—in fact he stayed here for some nights, and imbibed the "aura" of the place. The "Court of Lions" is a very beautiful spot. Details must be found in Guide Books.

The Generalife—a *Palacio*—was the residence of the Moorish kings—in Arabic—"The garden of *Arif*" or "of the architect." Reconstructions are in progress, but liable to spoil much of the original beauty. The garden is one of the most interesting survivals of the Moorish period of history.

A walk this way in the late afternoon is worth while. A view from one of the terraces gives a unique glimpse of the Alhambra and a certain portion of Granada. The most interesting thing is the sound of running water, which comes afar from the mountains, conveyed to this place by the ingenuity of the people long ago. The beauty of the situation eclipses most other places in this world. The date of building goes back as far as the fourteenth century. The hillside garden located here is one of the finest anywhere. The canal which bisects the *patio* is a special feature. Water flows on, night and day, drawing its source from a number of mountain streams. Most ancient of Moorish gardens, the traveller does well to pause here, and breathe in the beauty of the surroundings.

Milking goats, and attending to street garbage are revealed in the pictures. All very interesting in their way—especially the milk. The goats looked like fine specimens of their race, patient and amenable to their surroundings.

Exit from Granada next morning meant a journey through Baeza, where note the water-pots, and thence to Madrid. The next morn meant the Sud-Paris express.

Before leaving this wonderful realm a word of commendation should be given to Cervantes, one of the most important authors of the world, contemporary of Shakespeare, and said to have died on the same day. Cervantes was endowed with the capacity to see life as it really is and to see it truly. According to Robinson Smith, this man "belonged to that great class, the class from which nearly all great men have sprung, which, having sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, must yet make its own living and so keep determination in the blood. The children of these families are not shut off from the essentials of education by dire poverty, nor are they made selfish on the other hand by having everything they want. Their souls are not stunted in a miasmic atmosphere of their own superiority, and they early learn to be natural and human toward all men."

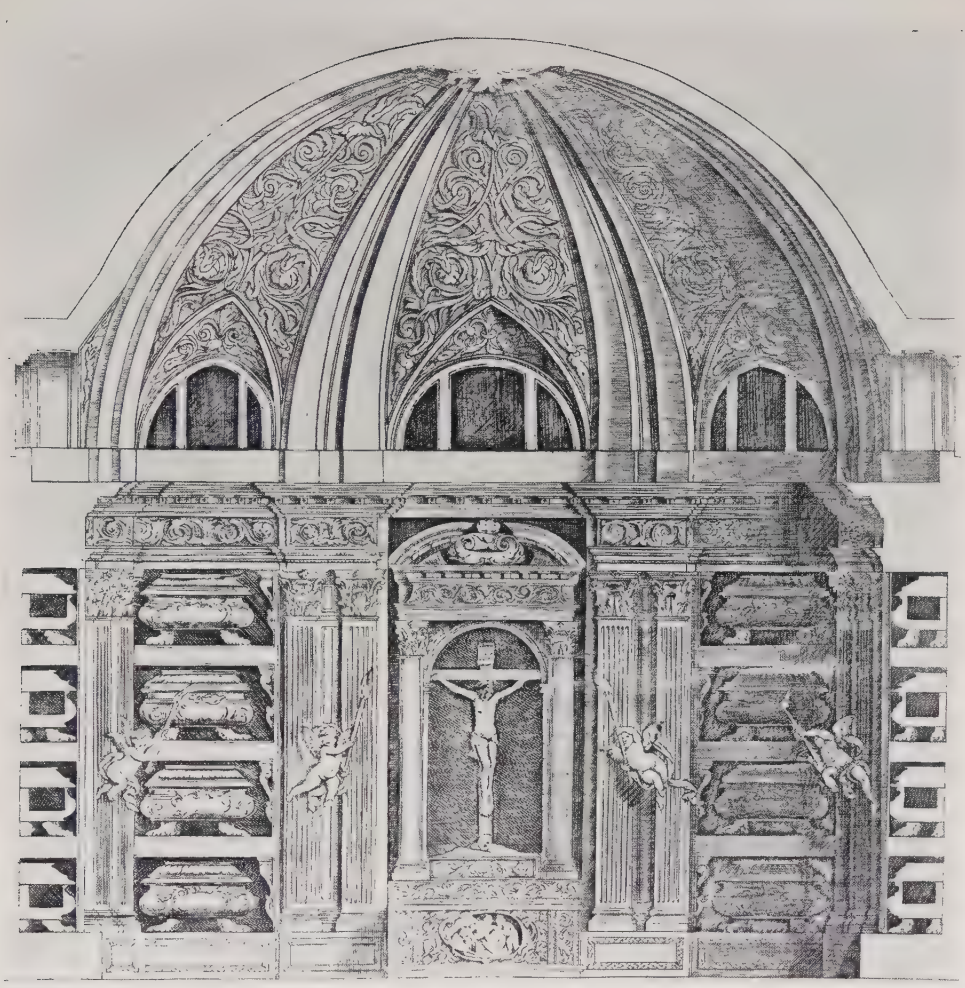
The critical problems attaching to Cervantes' works remind us of Biblical problems. His great work was written at Valladolid during 1603; printed early in 1604, and privately circulated that summer; formally published 1605. It is said that the second part of his "Don Quixote" was written to defend his name against a forgery, conjured up by some priest.

It is pointed out by Smith that this man, as many others, appropriated from the past, *i.e.*, borrowed from contemporaries. The point about Cervantes is that when he borrowed, he always poached on material as good as he was able to produce.

"To see how one writer took from another has become man's most perfect instrument in restoring the past. The Homeric Question hangs upon it; the Baconian Theory of the Shakespeare plays falls to the ground through the want of its support. The Synoptic Problem waited for seventeen centuries in darkness until Lachmann in 1835 showed that Matthew and Luke derived from Mark the matter the three had in common."—Robinson Smith, p. iv.

A summary of Cervantes' life indicates that what distinguished him from a great many others was—"that he not only faced his trials with fortitude but his serene

D. Quixote
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES
SAAVEDRA



Burial-Vault of the Spanish Monarchs. Panteón de los Reyes. (*Escorial.*)

Bath Alhambra

and happy spirit was not made sad or dull or bitter by them. He is known and revered all over the world because he forgot himself and . . . communicated his largeness and laughter to countless others."

The devoted traveller leaving Spain does so with many regrets—lack of time to examine the priceless records, the too fleeting glimpses of a country so well worth studying, the mellow scenery, the olive groves of Andalusia, the stretches of dusty road, the hills, the mountains, the rumbling carts, the muleteers, the dawns and sunsets, the early spring and the "soft snows of the Sierra Nevada." In other directions the critic must long for further knowledge of the Alhambra, the Mosque of Cordova, the cathedrals of Seville, Burgos and Toledo, and further, those best representations of Castilian art represented in the Escorial and the Romanesque churches of Soria, Sigüenza and Avila.

CUSTOMS
ENGLAND

ITINERARY—PARIS TO MADRID AND RETURN

1924.		*Nos. of kilometers.*	*Places visited.*
July	29	43	In town.
	30	175	Fontainebleau.
	31	94	St. Cloud.
Aug.	1	60	In town.
	2	—	—
	3	85	St. Germain.
	4	67	St. Germain.
	5	120	Chantilly.
	6	52	Chantilly.
	7	42	Chantilly.
	8	173	Meaux, Senlis.
	9	83	La Boulie.
	10	—	—
	11	356	Paris–Dijon.
	12	206	Dijon–Genève.
	13	43	Through Geneva.
	14	261	Geneva–Chamonix.
	15	109	Geneva–Lausanne–Montreux.
	16	134	Montreux–Brigue.
	17	112	Brigue–Stresa.
	18	102	Stresa–Villa d'Este.
	19	91	Villa d'Este–Bellagio, ret.
	20	379	Villa d'Este–Milan–Mestre.
	21	—	Venise.
	22	—	Venise.
	23	296	Mestre–Florence.
	24	118	In town and Vallombrosa.
	25	30	In town and Florence.
	26	163	Florence–Perugia.
	27	211	Perugia–Rome.
	28	80	In town and Tivoli.
	29	50	In town and Tivoli.
	30	250	In town and Terracina.
	31	236	Rome–Siena.
Sept.	1	291	Siena–Rapallo.
	2	260	Rapallo–Nice.
	3	273	Nice–Avignon.
	4	282	Avignon–Carcassonne.
	5	102	Carcassonne–Toulouse.
	6	230	Auch–Lourdes–Pau.
	7	120	Pau–Biarritz.
	8	288	Biarritz–Burgos.
	9	260	Burgos–Madrid.
	10	—	—
	11	153	Toledo and return.
	12	113	Escorial and return.
	13 to 17	1393	Madrid to Paris.
	Grand total	7986	

Copied from French Records
M. SAULNIER.

Boy at Well *en route* Toledo to Madrid.

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